

China Mail.

Christmas Supplement 1930.

HONG KONG, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1930.

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Christmas Customs come from Many Lands

dance and feast universal and mingled with the savage religious rites. Some authorities find the origin of the word "Yule" in the name of this celebration — "Yule," "Jule," "Iul," or "Iol."

Origin of Festival

The Christian festival of the Nativity has incorporated the character of these early celebrations and appears to have been appointed very shortly after the establishment

meaning tidings. Druids, Romans, Saxons, Jews, Anglo-Saxons have all kept such a festival, marked in the days of the Romans by temporary equality of slaves and masters, of the Druids by the use of evergreens and the mistletoe in temple rites, by the Jews with a dedication of their temples, and in the days of the Anglo-Saxons by the elaborate customs which have long endured and which marked the Middle Ages.

Then the great "halls" of the nobility offered hospitality and entertainment to the poor. Then were the splendid pageants and banquets such as those King Arthur's court knew well, with minstrels and gleemen, harpers and jugglers, pipers and dancers, log fires immense and of long duration within, hunting, wrestling and jousts without. Intemperance was prevalent, and the ale and mead flowed widely while there was the lighting of the Christmas log, the bringing in of the boar's head, and the games—dice, chess and backgammon.

As Hamlet Said It.

Shakespeare's Hamlet recall the general feeling of the eeriness of the holy night before Christmas shared by many an age and race when he recites:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Crowned on Christmas Day.

A succession of Roman emperors that began with Charlemagne was crowned on Christmas Day, including Alfred the Great (whose defeat by the Danish host is held to have happened because he would not interrupt himself and court in their twelve-days' celebration of the season even with the enemy horde at the gates), the Danish king Edward, and Edward the Confessor and his son Harold, whose coronation took place together with the consecration of Westminster Abbey in 1066.

The next Christmas day saw William the Conqueror crowned there, but it was in the days of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when "Merrie England's" Christmas celebrations rose to their height of splendour with their Anglo-Saxon rites and customs. It was then that baronial castle and manor house rang with the merriment of the season, and every village inn kept hospitable cheer. The Yule log roared and the wassail bowl was everywhere. The ale went round and the sugar- and cinnamon-sweetened water toast hailed friend to friend. Old Father Christmas rode his goat through the streets of the city and the lanes of the villages, and as he rested at the hearth from house to house, his kind-hearted sons looked in upon the poor.

(Continued on Page 3.)

TRADITION—that strongest link in any claim that ties the human race to any of the customs that its many lands and people share in common—has been since time immemorial the keystone upon which has been built the whole structure of Christmas.

Back 2,000 years before the birth of the child Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, there are historic evidences of the keeping of a season that was in spirit much like the essential character of the Christmas season that tradition has brought down to us, in spite of the natural inclination of the Christian world to date the great festival from the birth of Christ.

Authentic record of the actual date and season of the year in which the Christ was born has never, however, been established, and historians disagree as to them both. It was many years after his life on earth, however, before December 25 was fixed as the date for celebration of his birthday, and from that time on Christians united in accepting the day as sacred to his birth and to his service—the Christ-mass.

Forerunner of Carols.

Going back before the Christian era students of the festival have found traces that most of the nations of ancient time recognised the period of that which we know as the winter solstice as a season of rejoicing. The return march of the sun up into the heavens, and the season's turn from short days and long nights to days of lengthening light and warmth, impelled a natural demonstration of pleasure that it was so. The Roman Saturnalia, which fell at such a period, was such a festivity of rejoicing, marked by privileges and hailed as exempt from ill, with the spirit of mirth and unbounded licence abroad everywhere. The hymns of this time to the sun were forerunners of our Christmas carols. Presents were passed from friend to friend. Gifts were made to the poor, quarrels forgotten and feuds ended.

In the northern countries of ancient Europe the God Thor was the object of similar celebration at the same season, the song,

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#### Christmas 1930

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*BRIGHTER* ever brighter gleams the star of Bethlehem. Centuries pass. Nations pass. Cultures pass. But the great Truth survives, and grows in glory.

*On Christmas, who is there but stands in awe of a spirit that has persisted through ages of Hatred and Persecution, War and Suffering; a Spirit that has rested firm in an age of Materialism.*

*Christmas is the symbol of good cheer—the day of rejoicing and merriment—the day of forgiveness and friendship—the day of hopes for the future. To all our readers we extend the good wish that Christmas Day, this year, will smile through all the clouds of commercial depression, warm the hearts of the inhabitants of this Crown Colony, and be the forerunner of a new year of happiness and prosperity.*

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of a new religion. It is first definitely recorded in the history of the second century, although there are indications that it was in order even earlier. Students of Christmas, while disagreeing upon the exact time of the birth of Jesus, agree that in the early years of the Church there was a union celebration of the Nativity and the Epiphany in the belief that the birth of Jesus coincided with the appearance of a star in the East which revealed it to the Gentiles.

The word "Kris" mas is held to be "Christ's mass," however, and the word Noel is from the French word "nouvelles"

Christmas & New Year Announcements

PENINSULA HOTEL.

Wednesday, 31st December, 1930.

New Year's Eve Carnival Dinner Dance.
FULLY RESERVED, BOOKINGS NOW CLOSED.
After dinner dance— \$2 per person.

Thursday, 1st January, 1931.

New Year's Day—Tea Dance.
4.30 p.m. to 7 p.m.

HONGKONG HOTEL.

Friday, 26th December, 1930.

Boxing Night Carnival.
8 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Dinner \$6 per person.

REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

Wednesday, 24th December, 1930.

Christmas Eve Carnival.
8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Dinner \$6 per person.

Wednesday, 31st December, 1930.

New Year's Eve Carnival & Fancy Dress Ball.
FULLY RESERVED, BOOKINGS NOW CLOSED.

Thursday, 1st January, 1931.

New Year's Day—Special Tea Dance.
4.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

MOTOR COACHES FROM REPULSE BAY HOTEL:—After Christmas Eve Carnival and New Year's Eve Carnival.
To Hongkong Hotel 1.15 a.m.
SPECIAL FERRY FROM KOWLOON:—After New Year's Eve Carnival 2.15 a.m. and 2.30 a.m.

EVENING CELEBRATIONS FANCY OR EVENING DRESS.

Tables for the above may now be reserved at any of our Hotels.

PENINSULA HOTEL CAFETERIA AND MAC'S CAFETERIA.

Our Expert Swiss and French Pastry Cooks and Confectioners will have ready a varied assortment of Festive Season Specialties—
Beautifully decorated Christmas and New Year Cakes and Puddings—Chocolate Figures and Sweetmeat Novelties, etc., all moderately
priced and made in our New Bakery.

A Choice Selection of Beautifully Boxed Chocolates from England, America and Canada.

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YOUR
CHRISTMAS
WITH



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Boyer's Tablets of **ASPIRIN**

that is to say the genuine, original "*Boyer's* Aspirin". In influenza, also, in rheumatism, neuralgia, fever, headache and earache, "*Boyer's*" Tablets of Aspirin have proved their unrivalled efficacy.

"*Boyer's*" Tablets of Aspirin are sold only in the original "*Boyer's*" package, (as illustrated), which bears as a distinguishing mark the world-famous "BAYER CROSS".



What are you afraid of?

Look at me! I have taken Gualacose for a long time. It keeps me free from colds. I can feel how it strengthens me and helps me to resist infection.

Colds are dangerous. They carry in themselves the seeds of severe and lasting diseases, such as catarrh, bronchitis, and lung troubles. To prevent them, you must take proper precautions. The best preventive is Gualacose. It protects and strengthens the body and raises its powers of resistance.



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Diseases of the respiratory organs

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CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Everybody kept holiday then but the cooks. The turnspits watched great haunches of Christmas mutton and "sirlyons" of beef brown and sizzle above the open fires, capons and geese turned merrily round upon the spits, and the ballads of the day sing the "plumb-porridge" and "plumb-puddings" and "minced pies." The customary pewter pots for wine and beer were spurned as beneath the dignity of the occasion, and there is a singing of the serving of the salmon, the wild boar, venison, hogs-heads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, bacon swine, pigeons, teal and mallard, pancakes, apple pies and custards, "cider of our own" and Gascon wine.

Mock ceremonial, quaint humours and the spirit of fellowship marked the celebrations of these times. From the days of the early Norman conquest to those of the Commonwealth in England, down through the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, "Bloody" Queen Mary and Good Queen Bess, into those of James I, Charles I and into the days of the Puritans, there is record that the Christmas revels made their way and the customs persisted through the centuries. The Puritans, however, would have none of the "nonsense," and in New England in 1621, Governor Bradford rebuked a bevy of young men lately arrived from England, when they objected to working on Christmas day and insisted upon giving it at least to games and sports while he looked on and frowned.

Virginians Observed Day.

It was by way of the Virginians that Christmas observance came to America, and in England the restoration of the royal family to the throne restored the rites of Christmas there. It was not until 1659, however, that the law against its celebration was repealed in New England. With this halting by the Puritans the Christmas festival began a languishing from the immense elaborateness of its earlier celebrations that has gradually grown, but Christmas, one truly believes, will never become extinct. Amid changing custom the spirit of the season still survives, and while uproarious merriment may have passed by the board, the period of its commemoration continues to exist as a time of celebration all over the civilised world.

Northern Germany holds the faith that Mary and the Christ child pass through the lanes and streets on Christmas Eve, and in Austria arises our adopted custom of placing candles in the windows on Christmas Eve—that the Christ Child passing by in darkened ways might not stumble.

Paris has originated a more secular celebration of Christmas Eve, staging its "revillion" in cafes with its climax in midnight Christmas supper. In Russia "Kolenda" comes with its Christmas Eve procession through the streets, its carol-singing for coppers, the masquerading of revellers as animals, significant of the manger, and with its trees in the homes of noblemen.

Scandinavia has given us many a Christmas custom. Peace prevails for all the season there, with old feuds forgotten. There the shoes of the family are set in a row with their retiring, that its members might live in peace throughout the year to come. There is found the Yule log, the dancing and the skating, and it was a custom of long-standing in other years, and may still be followed in parts of the peninsula, to celebrate the season with the yearly bath, the great wash tub dragged out into the centre of the house for the series of ablutions. Candles burn all night for "Kristine" who brings the gifts, there are games until the carollers burst in

upon the revellers, masked performances and pantomime and mock military drills.

Many countries claim the Christmas tree. In Scandinavia there is the legend of the "service" tree supposed to have sprung from the soil where a pair of lovers were killed by violence, and where the tree mysteriously appears with its myriad of lights at the Christmas time when no winds blow. A thirteenth century romance features the gigantic tree ablaze with burning candles found by a questing hero, with the haloed child shining at its top, the whole aflame with candles, the tree significant of mankind, the candles of humans, good or bad, the child of the Christ Child. Germany, keeping Christmas, often welcomes its quests with green branches ornamented with lighted candles. One of the loveliest of its legends tells that Martin Luther, walking over the snowy winter hills at night and observing the beauty of the glittering stars against the dark, set up for his children a tiny fir, with candles representing the stars.

Celebration in Egypt.

Back so far as to the time of ancient Egypt is traced the origin of the custom of decking our homes with greens, for then branches of the date palm were hung in homes during the winter solstice, symbolic of "life triumphant," the symbol that our Christmas greens to-day interpret.

It was during the reign of Queen Victoria and her marriage to a German prince that the custom of the Christmas tree was brought into England, and German emigrants brought it to America.



Carols had their beginning back to a few centuries after the birth of Christ when bishops sang them in the churches to their clergy. Not until the 16th century did they take the finish and form in which we hear them sung. They then became festal chants introduced by the Norman French into England, but repudiated by the Puritans along with Christmas. The ballad form appeared about this time, and it was then that the "waits" made their rounds of the homes before dawn on Christmas morning, singing in payment for coins. The word carol comes from the Latin cantare (to sing) and rola! (the interjection of joy).

The Christmas card originated in England in 1840 as a successor to the "Christmas piece," a roll of ornamental note paper bearing greetings from engraver's apprentices to their friends. One Thomas Sharrock is credited with originating the first Christmas card, but the first one of which a copy exists was by Sir Henry Cole and 1,000 impressions of it were lithographed and hand-coloured for sale in London. It was not until 1881, however, that the card was revived and reprinted in colour process for general use, and from that time the popularity of the card rose rapidly. Kate Greenaway was but one of the celebrated artists who received good prices for original paintings for cards.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

MANY cooks have already prepared their Christmas puddings and pastry, but there are just as many who never do their festive cookery till just before it is required. These recipes should help to solve all your worries about reliable recipes:

Here is the plan for the Christmas cake:

Ingredients:—1½lb. butter, ½lb. sugar, ¾lb. flour, small ½ teaspoon baking powder, 5 eggs, 3 tablespoons brandy or sherry, ½lb. seeded raisins, ¼lb. sultanas, ¼lb. almonds, ¼lb. peel, ¼lb. currants, 2oz. cherries, pinch salt.

Method: Prepare fruit beforehand. Wash and dry sultanas and currants, blanch and chop almonds, chop candied peel, wash and dry cherries and cut into rings.

Line the cake with brown and white paper.

Cream butter and sugar till white, add the well-beaten eggs gradually, next the brandy-sherry, then the flour and baking powder (which have been sifted together) and the fruit. Mix well.

Make oven very hot, then lower the gas before putting cake in the oven and cook in a decreasing heat from 2 to 2½ hours.

The right icing for a Christmas cake is almond paste, with the following recipe. It is not difficult to prepare:

Ingredients: 6ozs. ground almonds, 14oz. icing sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sherry, and squeeze lemon juice.

Method: Sift the icing sugar and mix well with the ground almonds. Separate the yolks and white of eggs. To the yolks add the sherry and lemon juice and beat well. Mix into the almond and sugar making into a firm paste (about the consistency of short crust). Sprinkle a little icing sugar on the pastry board and put almond paste out. Divide into three. Roll one piece into a strip sufficiently long to go half way round the cake, brush the paste with the unbeaten white of egg and place on the side of cake. With the second portion of paste proceed in the same way.

For the top roll the remaining piece out to the size of the top of cake. Brush the cake with the white of egg and place paste on top. With the hands smooth over the top and sides to make the paste even. It is then ready for the royal icing.

The pudding is just as important as the cake this time of the year, and this is how to make it.

Ingredients: 1lb. breadcrumbs, ½lb. plain flour, ¼lb. butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. raisins, ¼lb. sultanas, ¼lb. currants, ¼lb. almonds blanched and chopped, ¼lb. peel, cut into dice, 10 eggs, little spice and nutmeg, wine-glass brandy, good pinch salt.

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs gradually, then brandy. Next add most of the crumbs, flour and flavouring, then some of the fruit, then remainder of crumbs, etc., and the remainder of fruit. Mix well.

The pudding may be either boiled or steamed. If boiled in a cloth, allow a little room for swelling. Cook 8 hours. If made into two puddings, 6 hours is sufficient.

Serve with sweet white, or brandy sauce.

Cards were fringed and frosted and padded and scented (those made of silk), and their subjects were, generally children, kittens, puppies, sprays of flowers and scenes. Then, as later, the religious card was not so generally procurable. America originated the more generous use of holly and mistletoe on cards, and added the poinsettia because of its seasonableness and colour, in the 1890's.

CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION
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finds fun in the
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helping him cut
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plicate his own
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lumber yard king
Story and dialog
by
William K. Wells

CHRISTMAS EVE MYSTERY

By FRANCIS MARLOWE,

Author of "In Pursuit of a Million," "The Secret of the Sandhills," etc., etc.

"It can only be a Christmas Eve joke, my dear Ellis, a practical joke; the necklace is sure to turn up. Some of the young people have been up to their tricks—the Christmas spirit, you know."

Gentle old Sir John Rivers, inwardly uneasy though he was, was lightly trying to tone down the anger of his most important Christmas guest, from whose bedroom, on the night of his arrival at Rivers Hall, a valuable pearl necklace had disappeared.

But Mr. Edward Ellis, wealthy enough to bear his loss philosophically and with resignation, was a hard business man and not to be placated with words.

"Christmas spirit!" he repeated irefully. "I appreciate the Christmas spirit as much as anyone, but not when the spirit takes the shape of a ghost whose appearance coincides with the loss of a five thousand pound necklace. We'll see what the Scotland Yard man thinks about it when he arrives."

Sir John made a deprecatory gesture. "Surely you haven't called in Scotland Yard?" he protested mildly. "Don't you think, if our own enquiries and search failed, the local police would do? If you'd only consulted me first—"

"I've no faith in these country policemen, and I wasn't going to lose any time," Ellis interrupted. "It was too early to have you disturbed, and I didn't want to start a fuss in the house, so I telephoned to my secretary and told him to report the robbery at once to Scotland Yard and, if they couldn't send a man immediately, to get the best private detective he could to take the first train to here."

Sir John nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose it was the best thing to do," he said; "but don't be surprised if the necklace turns up before your detective arrives. I'll make some quiet enquiries presently. By the way," he continued, "you referred to a ghost just now?" He looked enquiringly at his guest.

An expression of scornful amusement was on Ellis's face as he replied.

"You remember that talk at dinner last night about family ghost you're supposed to have, but which none of you have ever seen? Well, that ghost showed up in my bedroom last night, but, unfortunately, managed to get away before I could lay my hands on it, and, as I discovered this morning, my five thousand pound necklace went with it."

"Can you describe exactly what you saw and what happened?" Sir John asked.

"There wasn't much that I saw, and there was even less that happened," Ellis related. "I was about half asleep when I thought I heard a sort of rustling movement in the room, and when I opened my eyes to look for the reason of it I could just see dimly—you know I have my window open and the blinds always up—a figure moving to the right at the foot of my bed. I couldn't tell whether it was the figure of a man or a woman, because it was entirely draped in something that might have been a sheet. It seemed to vanish for an instant, and then reappeared further to the right of the room. I'd found the electric light switch by this time and snapped it on—but

there wasn't a soul in the room but myself. I went to the door and opened it quietly, and there wasn't a sound or movement in the corridor. As you know, I don't take any stock in ghosts, so I quickly made up my mind that some of your young people had tried a game on me, and, as I didn't fancy letting them have a joke on me by allowing them to think I'd risen to the bait, I shut the door as quietly as I'd opened it and went back to bed. It was not until this morning that I found the necklace had gone."

Sir John shook his head doubtfully.

"I'm still inclined to believe that the necklace is not lost," he said. "The ghost, of course," he gave Ellis a gentle, apologetic smile, "is a tradition in our family, though I must confess I haven't personally substantiated it. The youngsters, I'm afraid, must have made use of the legend to help to play their trick on you. I'll lose no time in making enquiries."

He rose from his chair—the interview had taken place in his study—and would have made for the door, but Ellis detained him with a question.

"You know, of course, for whom the necklace was intended?"

Sir John's figure seemed to stiffen, and his delicate face flushed slightly.

"I can guess, of course," he said, uncomfortably; "but, really, Ellis, I'm afraid I couldn't consent to allow Muriel to receive such an expensive gift from you. It would be a different thing if you were actually engaged to her."

"But we are practically engaged," Ellis said, frowning slightly; "and, in any case, friends as we are, you would not object to Muriel receiving the necklace as a Christmas present?"

"Too expensive—much too expensive," Sir John murmured. "I know that both you and my wife look on it that you and Muriel are engaged, but Muriel has not accepted you yet, you know."

"But there isn't any doubt that she will," Ellis said complacently. "I mean to ask her for her answer to-day—and yesterday evening Lady Rivers gave me to understand that I could do so with every confidence. I can depend on your support, of course, my dear Rivers?"

Sir John frowned somewhat distressfully. He knew his wife was bent on making the match: in her eyes Ellis's wealth made him a most eligible son-in-law; but he himself was concerned entirely with his daughter's happiness, and he was not at all sure that she would find it in marriage with Ellis.

"I believe you would make Muriel a good husband, Ellis," he said, "and I should be glad enough to have you as a son-in-law, but you must not rely on me to attempt to influence Muriel in any way. As far as I'm concerned she must decide for herself. So long as my little girl is happy, that's all that matters to me."

"You can be sure of her happiness with me, my dear Rivers," Ellis said, with a touch of pomposity; "it will be my pleasure to see that no wish of hers is ungratified."

"I'm sure of that," Sir John said, and continued his interrupted progress to the

door. "I'll see what I can find out about the missing necklace, but if my enquiries have no result perhaps you'd better let me send for the local police. This is Christmas Eve, you know, and you might not be able to get a detective from London to-day."

"I'll have a man from town no matter what it costs me," Ellis said brusquely. "These country policemen are all bunglers. They'd come here, make a deuce of a fuss, fill their notebooks, and waste my time, all to no purpose."

Sir John shrugged his shoulders with an amused smile and left the room.

Christmas Eve and its minor festivities had come to an end. Muriel Rivers, now the bride-to-be of Mr. Edward Ellis, had slipped away from the elders of the house party shortly after eleven o'clock. Midway through her preparations for bed she had wrapped herself in a dressing gown, switched off the electric light, and, with a small case which she had taken from a wardrobe drawer, had seated herself on a low chair by her dressing-table. A lighted candle on the dressing-table was now the room's only illuminant, and by the rather dim light of this she began dejectedly to look through the contents of the case. The candle flickered occasionally in the air which came from the partly opened door windows in the recess behind it.

Presently Muriel picked out a photograph from the case and, having placed the latter on the floor by her feet, she stared long and broodingly at it. A tear falling on the picture roused her from her melancholy abstraction; then, with quivering lower lip, a smothered sob, she kissed the photograph passionately—and tore it across.

She was just about to tear the pieces across again when the door of her room opened abruptly and a slim, dark-eyed, black-haired girl in pyjamas—a girl about four or five years younger than Muriel—darted into the room.

Startled as she was, Muriel managed to hide the torn photograph in the pocket of her dressing gown.

"Molly, you naughty child!" she exclaimed, with simulated lightness, "what do you mean by being up at this time of night? You nearly frightened me out of my wits."

Molly Fernall, Muriel's dearest chum and confidante, snatched up a cushion in her progress, flung it on the floor by Muriel's chair and deposited herself in it.

"You artful thing," she reproached. "It's no use pretending to me. You're not scared a bit; you are just disappointed that it's not someone come to kidnap you." While she spoke she saw that Muriel's hand was clutching at the pocket of her dressing-gown.

"Oh, I understand," she teased. "You were reading somebody's love letters to you, and you were afraid I'd caught you at it. It's a very pretty way to spend the night of your engagement to Mr. Ellis; I've a great mind to tell him."

"Well, Molly!" Muriel still attempted lightness. "What will you imagine next? You are much too romantic for a flapper. I'll advise your mother—"

(Continued on Page 7.)



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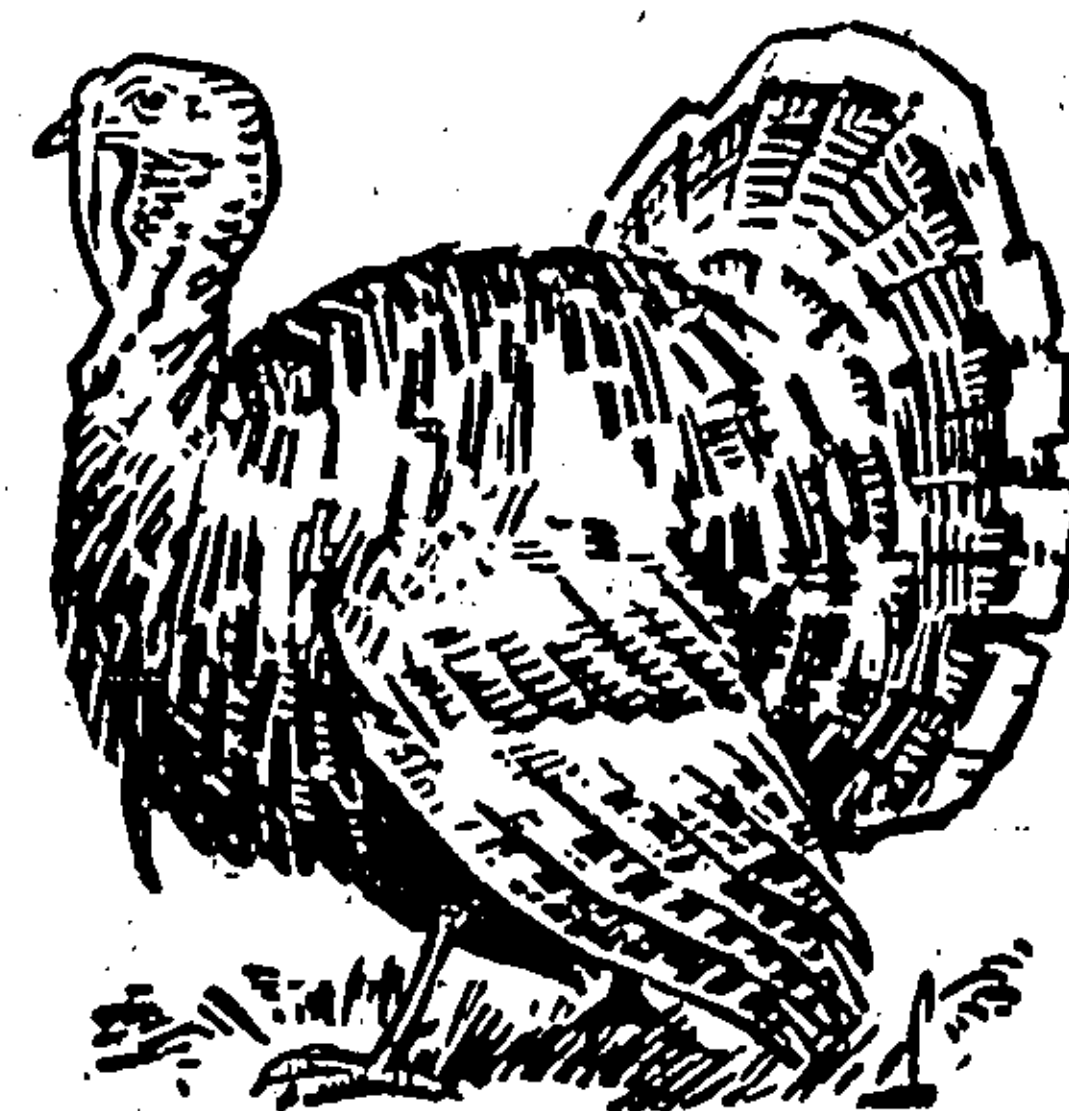
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CHRISTMAS EVE MYSTERY.

(Continued from Page 5.)

Molly interrupted her by jumping to a seat on her chair arm, flinging an arm about her neck and hugging her.

"You dear old thing," she exclaimed. "I do like to hear you being cynical about romance. You! Why, you are just simply reeking with romance at this present moment. Now, tell me—why do you think I have come to see you?"

"I don't know, you silly darling," Muriel replied, playfully pulling her hair. "Perhaps you were feeling nervous because of that ghostly burglar who's supposed to be plying his trade in this neighbourhood."

"Not I," said Molly. "If you really want to know, I'd just enjoy meeting that ghostly burglar. Perhaps he includes among his accomplishments a knowledge of how to flirt decently; there's not a man in the house who can."

"You disgraceful person!" Muriel accused laughingly. "Is there anyone you wouldn't flirt with? I don't believe even a butler would be sacred to you."

"There's one person, Muriel,"—Molly of a sudden was serious—"that I wouldn't even try to flirt with."

Muriel gave her a quick, apprehensive glance, and then spoke with forced levity.

"I'm glad you draw the line somewhere, Molly."

"I certainly draw it at that horrid Ellis man." She choked down a sob, threw herself on Muriel's breast and hugged her tightly.

Resentfully, at first, Muriel tried to free herself, but as Molly clung tightly to her she contented herself with sitting stiffly upright in silent protest.

"Don't—Muriel, darling—don't be cross with me," Molly said brokenly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I can't bear the thought of you marrying Mr. Ellis. You mustn't marry him, Muriel, you mustn't; I know you don't love him."

Determinedly now Muriel freed herself from Molly's embrace.

"You are a really wicked girl, Molly, to speak to me like that," she said severely, with difficulty keeping her agitation under control. "Don't you ever do it again if you wish us to remain friends. I have promised to marry Mr. Ellis, and you ought to know better than expect me to listen to your silly talk about him."

"But you don't love him. You know you don't," Molly insisted. "No, I won't stop—I'll say just what I think if you never speak to me again. Do you think for a minute I haven't seen how unhappy you've been lately, and especially to-day, since your engagement to that hateful man was announced? It's you who are the wicked girl, to want to marry a man for his money when you love another man."

White-faced, Muriel rose to her feet and faced Molly, who huddled back with scared face against the chair arm.

"Molly Fernal," she said, very sternly and coldly, "leave this room at once! What do you mean by saying I love another man? What right have you to say such a thing?"

With a catlike movement Molly sprang and plucked the torn photograph from Muriel's pocket. She glanced hurriedly at the picture and laughed hysterically.

"What right have I to say it?" She evaded Muriel's frantic clutch at the photograph. "What right have I to say it? Only just because it's true. And you can't deny it now, with this photograph of Phil Landers in your pocket. You've torn it across because you made up your mind to jilt poor Phil, but I'll bet you kissed it a few times first."

Her fury had not spent itself, but Muriel had broken before it. She had dropped to the cushion which Molly had vacated and, with her face buried in it, was sobbing heartbrokenly. Instantly Molly was all penitence, and was on her knees beside her.

"Muriel, Muriel, darling, don't cry like that!" she begged. "I know I'm a rotten little beast to talk as I've done, but it's because I'm so fond of you that I can't bear the thought of you marrying a man you can't possibly love, who will make life hateful for you." She snuffled a little and, in default of a handkerchief, wiped her eyes with her pyjama sleeve. "I know I couldn't love him," she went on, "not if he was the only man in the world."

But Muriel still sobbed, and Molly, seeking to comfort her, found her pocket and returned the pieces of the photograph to it.

"There, Muriel, I've put the picture back," she said; then, entreatingly, "Please don't cry any more, darling. I don't care who you marry if you'll only be friends with me again."

She used her pyjama sleeve again, and then, as Muriel, still sobbing bitterly, kept her face averted from her, she rose to her feet.

"It's all right, Muriel," she said brokenly. "I won't worry you any more—I'm going! I know I don't deserve to have you speak to me again."



She moved slowly towards the door and paused there, looking wistfully, tearfully, at Muriel.

"I know you hate me, Muriel," she said weakly, "but some day, when you know I only tried to prevent you from spoiling your life and ruining poor Phil's, perhaps you'll forgive me."

She opened the door; again the pyjama sleeve went to her eyes.

"I'm going, Muriel," she said pathetically; and then, as no word or sign came from Muriel, went sadly from the room.

Following Molly's dejected departure Muriel made no immediate attempt to check her grief, and though she was silent now the convulsive movements of her shoulders revealed her emotional agitation. Presently, however, she raised her head from the cushion and looked about her in a dazed way. Practically at that instant, abruptly, a stiff current of air extinguished the candle and, simultaneously, the slam of a door reached her ears.

Trembling, she sat tensely upright, feeling intuitively that some strange happening was imminent, and a second later, with a weak moan of terror, she swayed to her feet. Just perceptible by the faint illumination of a pale moon, she had seen a man make his way through the windows and step noiselessly into the room.

Incapable of uttering a sound, she stood

rigid, peering fearfully at the advancing figure.

The man spoke, and at the sound of his voice Muriel gave a sharp gasp of anguish and clutched at the chair for support.

The voice was cultured and courteous. "I know that you are near me, little lady," it said. "I have been waiting for your light to go out. I don't want to frighten you, and shall not harm you if you keep still. Please do not give me the pain of using force to you."

Muriel made no reply; she dared not. "You hear—you understand?" the voice said sharply.

Constrained to answer, Muriel managed to get an unnatural note into her voice.

"I understand," she said. "I shall keep perfectly still if, on your part, you don't use a light of any kind."

The man uttered a grim little laugh. "That's a curious request," he said;

"but as you will; let there be darkness, then, if you prefer it. Tell me, who sleeps in the other room with the bay windows?"

"A Mr. Edward Ellis," Muriel said faintly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, he has been watching your light—he from his window, I from the ground. I was wondering—"

"What?" Muriel asked in an agonised whisper.

"If he saw me come in here, and if—"

His speech was interrupted by a rap at the door. Before the man could realise that she had moved Muriel was at the door turning the key gently in the lock.

Then, in breathless silence, she stood with her back to the door.

"What are you doing? Where are you?" the man asked in a calm whisper.

Muriel advanced stealthily in the direction of the voice.

"Hush!" she murmured. "I've locked the door. No one must know you are here. You don't know how much depends on it."

The rap at the door was repeated.

"Who is there? What is it?" Muriel called, still trying to keep the affected note in her voice.

"Are you all right, Muriel?" The question came from Mr. Edward Ellis.

"Certainly, Edward. Why do you ask?"

"Because—well—I thought—Are you sure you are all right? You are up very late, you know."

Muriel put a shade of lightness into her answer.

"Oh, I'm restless to-night, Edward. I feel I can't sleep yet," she said.

There was a slight pause, and then Ellis spoke again.

"I don't want to frighten you, Muriel, but I've been watching your window, and I thought I saw a man's figure near it. Are you sure there's nothing wrong?"

"Of course there's nothing wrong, Edward." She forced an amused laugh. "How silly of you to worry yourself about me!"

Within the room a period of tense silence followed, while from without came the sound of Ellis's retreating footsteps. Then came the man's voice and the sound of his hands groping on the wall.

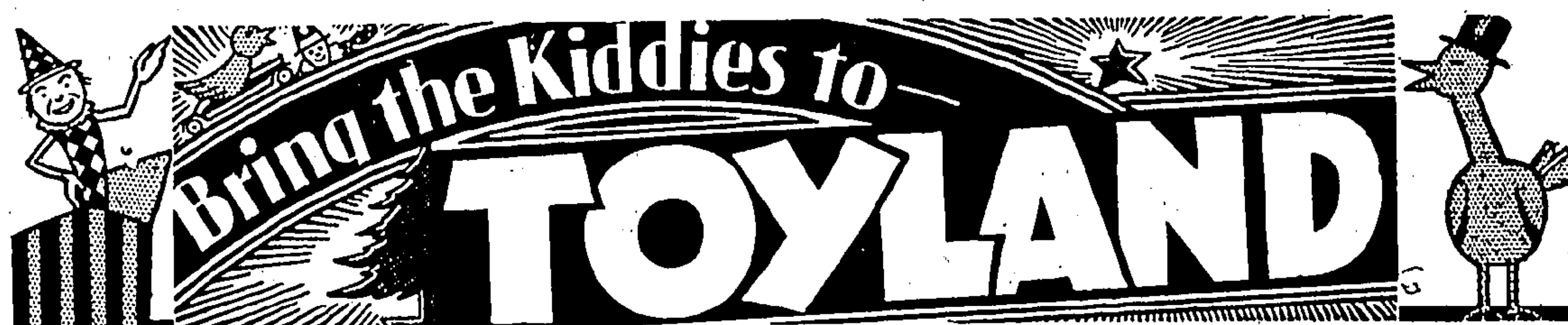
"Who are you? Why have you done this? My God! I believe you are!"—the hands had found the light switch and the room was suddenly fully illuminated—"Muriel!"

With the revelation the man reeled against the wall, and while he tried to steady himself Muriel spoke.

"Yes, Phil," she said coldly; "it's Muriel—and now you understand why I lied to the man I am going to marry."

For moments they stared at each other

(Continued on Page 9.)

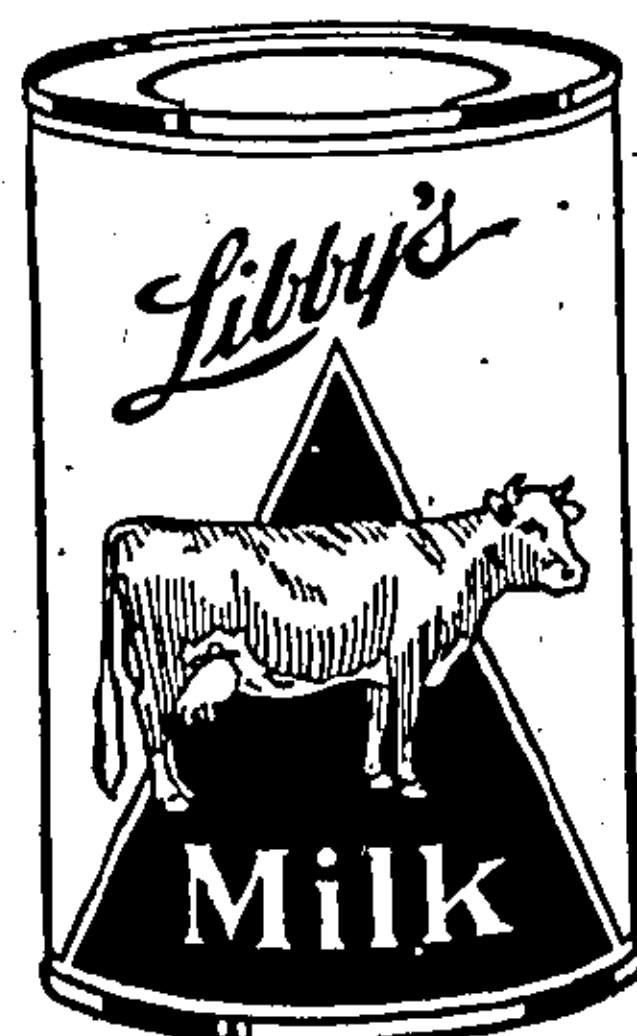


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CHRISTMAS EVE MYSTERY.

(Continued from Page 7.)

dumbly and then, with a reckless smile, Phil Landers broke the silence.

"You knew me from the first," he said. "I knew you from your first word, Phil," Muriel said, trying hard to keep her voice even and cool, "but I couldn't understand how it was that you didn't seem to know it was my room you had entered. Then somehow I got the queer idea that you were the burglar who had, last night, stolen a necklace from Mr. Ellis, and I thought that to-night you had come on a similar errand, and I hoped to get you away by letting you take my jewels. I couldn't have you caught and handed to the police."

"You care for me as much as that," Phil Landers remarked cynically, "but not enough to marry me when there's a rich man to be had. So Mr. Edward Ellis is the man. I wonder if I envy him."

Muriel was silent, afraid to speak lest agitation overcame her.

"You were not far from the mark about me, Muriel," Phil Landers continued. "Burglary is not a habit of mine, but, as a matter of fact, I did steal a pearl necklace from this house last night. When I got your letter, cold-bloodedly throwing me over, I think I must have run amok—I let my work go to the dogs. I was mad, crazy. Yesterday I left London, bent on making you tell me with your lips what you had written; then I changed my mind and, not knowing or caring where I was, I turned burglar, hoping to get enough plunder to enable me to leave the country, make a fresh start, and forget you. To-day I became sane again, and I returned to-night to restore the necklace to the house from which I had stolen it. That it is your house is the queerest thing that could have happened."

Muriel's face as she listened to him was working pitifully, her hands were tearing to shreds a handkerchief she held in them. Suddenly—she had heard the door-handle turning—she smothered a cry of fear, moved swiftly to Phil, placed a hand over his mouth, and glanced panic-stricken at the door.

Edward Ellis, failing to open the door, was speaking.

"Muriel, who is in that room with you? I insist on knowing," he called harshly.

"Oh, Edward, what is the matter with you?" Muriel answered, managing somehow to get no more than an accent of mild impatience into her question.

"Just this, Muriel,"—Ellis's voice was hard and cold—"you told me an untruth just now. I knew it then, for I had seen a man enter your window; but now I have heard a man's voice in your room. For God's sake,"—sternness suddenly gave way to appeal—"what does it mean, Muriel? Are you afraid to tell me—are you threatened, or—or—" His voice broke and died away as though it could not put suspicion into words.

Ellis had scarcely ceased speaking when Phil freed himself gently from Muriel's detaining hands and, with a determination in his face, started for the door; but Muriel, agonised, caught at him again and brought him to a halt.

"Phil, you must listen to me," she said in an impassioned whisper. "You can't go out there—you must not give yourself up. I couldn't stand it—it would kill me. You can escape by the window while I keep him there. Go—oh, please, go!"

Greatly moved, indecision hovering on his face, Phil tried to put her from him.

"Just think for a minute, Muriel," he said in a tense undertone. "I can't run

away now. There would always be a doubt in Ellis's mind. I'll see that you don't suffer. I am just a burglar to-night, nothing more—and, thank goodness, the man doesn't know me."

He had almost succeeded in releasing himself when through the window, with a man's cap and coat over her pyjamas, came Molly Fernal. She ran eagerly to Muriel and Phil Landers, who gazed at her in astonishment.

"I've been watching Mr. Ellis and listening to him, and I've come to help you," she whispered hurriedly. "He thinks he saw a man enter the window, but he's not sure that it's a man's voice he heard. Phil, you must go at once, and then Muriel and I can open the door and pretend we've been having a joke, and that I'm the man he thought he saw and heard."

With a hopeful expression on her face and an apprehensive glance at the door, where Ellis was angrily rattling the handle, Muriel would have accepted the suggestion, and looked appealingly at Phil for concurrence. But he shook his head definitely.

"Muriel," he said, putting an arm round her shoulders, "you're a great little pal, but your clever plan won't get us out of this mess. That man Ellis is positive there's a man in this room, and I'm going to show him that there is. The best way you can help us, Molly dear, is to hurry back



to bed and not pretend to know anything of what's happening."

"No, Phil, no," Muriel broke in urgently, "that's not the best way. Give me the necklace, quickly—you must!"

Almost against his will—her frantic urgency impelling him—Phil handed her the jewel-case. She thrust it at once into Molly's hands.

"Hide that under your coat, Molly," she directed, "and as soon as you can, after I open the door, run to Mr. Ellis's room and put it on his dressing-table—and never breathe a word to anyone of what you've done."

Molly nodded and, with a determined tightening of her lips, hid the jewel-case somewhere on her slim person.

Satisfied that it was safely concealed, with a soft but imperative glance at Phil that held him motionless Muriel darted to the door, turned its key and flung it open. To Ellis, as he entered, mingled anger and amazement in his demeanour, she said cuttingly:

"As you have insisted on coming into my room, Mr. Ellis, I'll take the opportunity of telling you that you misunderstood me to-day when you thought I promised to marry you. You see that there is no one here but my friend Molly Fernal and Mr. Landers, the man I love and am going to marry."

Mr. Ellis, his lower jaw drooping shockingly, stared at Muriel, then glanced hostilely at Phil, but his view of Molly was confined to the tail of the man's coat she wore, flapping behind her as she scudded down the corridor in the direction of his room.

HARD-WORK MOTHERS.

ARE CHRISTMAS GIFTS A TYRANNY?

THERE will be hundreds of mothers at Christmas-time worn out with all the services they have been doing for others. So much to think about, so much to buy, and nowadays, except in a few homes, so little to buy it with! Sometimes Christmas gifts seem rather a tyranny. Most of us cannot afford them, but we feel we must give them, because if we don't, it will seem as if we were neglecting friends. And, then, of course, the children must have them. Yet, behind the idea of Christmas gifts and all the sacrifices they entail, there is something very lovely. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Just the same old sweet greeting, but it means so much, and we would not miss it for the world.

Giving Themselves.

Luckily it is not the expensive toys that make kiddies the happiest, and it is not the mothers who can give their children the most costly gifts at Christmas-time who have the happiest children. It is the mothers who give most of themselves to their kiddies whose homes will radiate the real Christmas spirit of happiness that makes children so gay. And the actual sense of joy in a home on Christmas Day is much more dependent on the humour everybody is in, than on the amount of presents given or the value of these gifts.

And be sure to let the presents you are going to give to your kiddies be a dark mystery till the day itself. It is so easy when dealing with unsuspicious little souls to find out what each one really wants without even letting them know that you know. Children do love surprises, and whether your gifts are big or small, keep them safely hidden away until Christmas morning.

Don't overdo the housework at Christmas-time. Treat yourself to as much "time off" as you possibly can manage. It is lovely fun shop-gazing, even if you cannot buy; and how the kiddies adore the fairylands of the Christmas bazaars!

DAINTY DECORATION.

THE little people in the nursery always demand decorations for Christmas, and they will love to help with this pretty and very easily-arranged scheme. The slender chain of evergreens is made on a stout string, the pieces of greenery fastened on with either fine wire or thin string.

A large star is cut from cardboard and covered with silver paper, and to the lower part of it is attached at the back streamers or that pretty silver tinsel which is used to decorate Christmas trees and is most inexpensive, this silver represents rays of light falling from the star. The festoons of greenery start from beneath the star and are caught at the corners, then are brought back to the star, making an effective triangle design.

Should it be forbidden to knock nails into the wall the ropes of greenery can be supported with wire or fine string from the frieze rail in the same way as pictures are hung and no damage can then be done to the walls.

To complete the pretty decoration, set a bowl of holly and mistletoe on the mantel-shelf, and decorate the clock with a few spare twigs, an electric candle or a small lamp on the mantelpiece at night will be effective and will show the silver beams of the star very prettily.

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THE EARL OF SANTA CLAUS

The Story of a Band Man's Good Deed.

By L. G. REDMOND HOWARD.

"CHRISTMAS here in a week — and the devil a chance of a job, said 'Bill Sykes,' the burglar, putting down the 'Police Gazette' and spiking a kipper with his fork.

"Bit hard on the kids, isn't it Bill?" said his wife, who, poor soul, had been watching their two youngsters "stretching" their stockings every night for weeks. For on principle they had been forbidden to ask for Christmas presents, or for that matter ask for anything: Bill thought it bad for their education.

Hence above the mantelpiece hung the sacred text: "God helps those who help themselves." Yet somehow it always went to the burglar's heart to pinch at Christmas time, and that was what had made Bill a bit "mopy" of late—witness his wife's black eye.

He had done a Christmas in gaol once before and Santa Claus had missed his call on purpose to show his disapproval—and any way, it was a time when all the world wants to be "pally like"—even burglars.

"Bill Sykes," however, I must add, was not his real name: merely the name he worked under. And as his had been a prosperous profession in his earlier days, it had still remained a sort of "pet name" on the lips of his wife, Mrs. Horace W. Montague Jones, of "The Laurels," Montpellier-road, Blackheath, to give them the full address by which they were known to the outer world, which, as a matter of fact, looked upon them as ultra respectable; Bill's very slang being a bit of clever professional ventriloquism. But business had been shockingly bad of late. Society had lost its hereditary pride in pearls and even insurance agents could hardly tell the difference between real and imitation pearls, let alone burglars.

So Horace-Bill-Montague Sykes put the "Police Gazette" carefully into the fire for destruction and, adjusting the "Parish Magazine" ostentatiously half in and half outside his pocket, prepared to stalk out for his morning stroll on the common where he usually kept his business appointments—a mile out of earshot of cops, 'tacs, and hidden microphones which are the terror of the modern crook.

"Something is bound to turn up," he said to himself, adjusting the bottom of his trousers; and just as he was half way across Heath, near Greenwich Park Gate, who should bump into him but an elderly gentleman, with a benevolent looking face. Bill was so surprised that he even forgot, in the true Christmas spirit, to pinch the beggar's watch, although it was nice foggy weather, ideal for such a job.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the gent, "but I am very short-sighted—advanced stage of cataract, to be precise. As a matter of fact, I was looking for a Father Christmas."

Bill's first conjecture was that the old fellow was a lunatic, but second thoughts revealed an idea—Yes, by gosh!—he would risk it, and by the time the two had got down the hill to the station, Horace W. Montague Jones had secured the "job."

This job was nothing less than to impersonate Santa Claus at an afternoon Christmas party, and the benevolent old

gent's name was no other than "The Earl of Shotover."

It was only when Bill mentioned a benevolent fee for his future services that the bubble of seeming benevolence burst and the real naked soul of the wicked earl revealed itself.

"There is a trade union rate for Father Christmases," said the Earl, "and not a penny less and not a penny more will anybody get out of me. And when I said 'No,' I meant no—ask the hospitals!"

So Bill, visualising the vast possibilities of the situation, agreed, though not without apologies and various murmurings about the difficulty of the times, but this seemed only to make the old gentleman still more flint-like.

That settled it; and that very evening "Bill" stayed at home and read all about "Scrooge" in his most respectable edition of Dickens, generally only kept for show in the drawing-room. The next day Bill put through a trade enquiry re the Earl of Shotover through the gazette offices of the underworld!

The answer was anything but complimentary to his lordship, who was openly reported as a "black leg"—being a director of a notorious bucket shop that neither abided by the rules of the Stock Exchange nor those of any decent self-respecting burglars' union. As to the hospitals, Bill found out it was waste of time even to circulate the blighter with a returned stamped envelope.

So when Bill's eldest asked his father that night whether "Robin Hood" was dead, Horace W. Montague Jones said, "No, dear; the spirit of Charity still lives, and no doubt there are adventurous souls even to-day who can see the humour of taking from the rich to give to the poor, just to teach them a lesson in human love . . . God forgive them."

Now the latter was the nearest approach Bill the Burglar had made to a prayer for many a long day: for as I have already said, the spirit of Yuletide was in the air and Horace W. Montague Jones had been chosen to play the part of Santa Claus at the Earl of Shotover's Christmas afternoon!

Oh, what a party it was, too, at the great house, as "Santa Burglar Claus" was ushered into the magnificent hall-room, with its dozens of chattering children all with their mammas and aunts—every one of whom was wearing real jewels!

Yes—Bill had never been tempted as he was tempted that day. There must have been a hundred thousand pounds of sparkles at least within a radius of ten yards of him. But the innocent laughter of the children brought back his own childhood to him. He found himself, in fact, really enjoying it as much as they were. But, strange enough, the Earl did not seem to be enjoying it at all himself; his noble benevolence was apparently only a business mask—for though the host, he was drinking all alone, and drinking hard.

"Strange," thought Bill the Burglar to himself, "how one can be mistaken in psychology," but he supposed it was because

their host was "giving" the party—and "giving" is not "business."

Out of sheer devilment, therefore Horace W. Montague Jones now began to take liberties, and he found himself putting on the Earl's peculiarity of voice and manner so perfectly, that the kids were all certain it was his lordship.

The butler himself was almost deceived; then, discovering his mistake, he duly reported the impertinence to his master, but not before a society gossip paragraphist had got down a cheer that had gone up for "the Earl of Santa Claus."

It would be in the papers the next day, "if his lordship would not mind" as the journalist had whispered interrogatively to Bill the Burglar, who was, of course, the real man inside the lordly whiskers, and Bill consented.

The importunate journalist then asked for a little interview afterwards, but Bill said he had another appointment elsewhere, which, of course, made the journalist all the more importunate, for the lad knew his job.

Now up to that moment Bill had really only been thinking of his children—that was the appointment he had in mind! He had intended to go along to them in costume as a surprise, with some of the flotsam and jetsam of the Earl of Shotover's party, but the journalist's importunity put another idea into his head.

It was still vague and it was hazardous in the extreme, but all the recklessness of his profession seemed to suddenly burst forth in an irrepressible impulse.

Hardly realising the risk of what he intended, Bill whispered to the journalist: "Afterwards just slip out and I'll ring you up if you give me your 'phone number at the office."

The journalist, though loth to get back to his paper, was too conscious of the value of the scoop to refuse, and Bill saw him make an excuse and disappear just a little before the party broke up and whilst the cheers for "the Earl of Santa Claus" were still echoing around the now bare Christmas tree with its few remaining lights fluttering out.

All this while, alone in his study, the wicked old Earl was trying to reckon how many of his guests' parents would invest in his companies, and whether the "game" was worth the candlemas, so to speak — and from the look upon his face as Bill entered, Bill could see that any hopes he might have entertained for an additional bonus had already been forfeited by the vocal impersonation that had elicited the "three cheers for the Earl of Santa Claus."

"Confound your infernal insolence, fellow," was his lordship's outburst as Horace W. Montague Jones was ushered into his hosts' bibulous presence.

Bill the Burglar made some trite remark about his having been so popular, that he felt the children should be made to realise to whom they were indebted for the party, and that he had taken the liberty of putting his humble ventriloquial talent to that purpose!

(Continued on Page 28)

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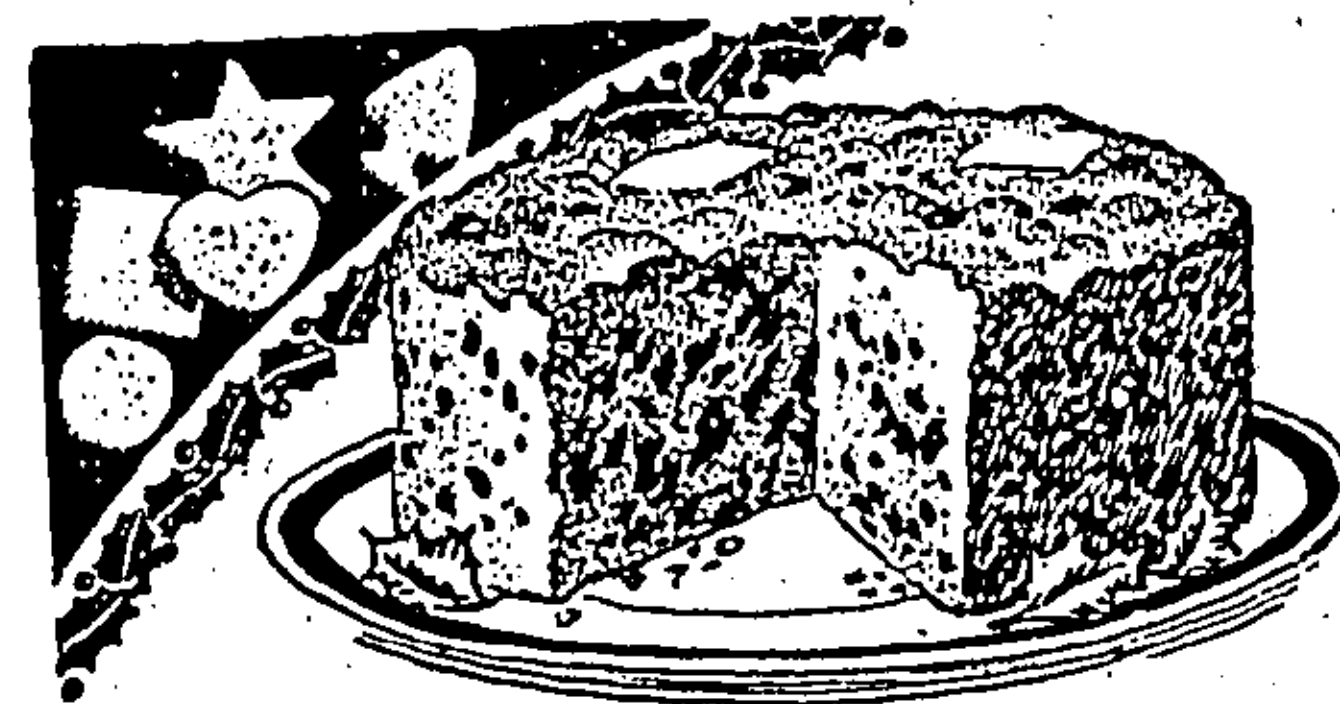
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WELL MATCHED!

Sparkling Christmas Story of A "Flighty" Girl Who Met Her Match.

By FRANCES SEYMOUR.

MISS Dorothy Hislop presents her compliments to Mr. Donald Lincoln, and begs to inform him that she was eighteen last Tuesday."

Donald Lincoln spread the piece of notepaper out in front of him with a wry smile. He was sitting in his chambers in the Temple. A youngish man, handsome, and well built, with a clean-cut, thoughtful face of the barrister. After a moment he placed the note which was causing him to smile on top of another, which held exactly the same handwriting:

"My dear Guardian," he read. "Break it to me gently. Miss Mostyn, our respected headmistress, suggested to me to-day that, as you seem to take little interest in me, you intend to leave me at this admirable academy for young gentlewomen, as a mistress. Heaven, and my good guardian, forbid, I pray you. I have nothing against schoolmistresses; some of them are sweet souls, though, generally speaking, they have dreadful taste in footwear."

"But the position is growing difficult. The term ends in a few weeks, and I can't again return to school as a scholar. In other words, dearest sir, it is time you awakened to responsibility of having a ward. What is to become of me? By the way, thank you very much for the fiver you sent me when I reminded you that I was now eighteen. I did not do it with that intention. I only wished to call your attention to the inevitable passage of time."

Donald sighed, and after a moment folded the letters up and placed them in a drawer at the side of his desk. Something would have to be done.

A year ago, when old Silas Hislop had died and had appointed him guardian to his granddaughter, it had seemed a strange business, but the old chap had given him, his chance in life, and he had accepted the guardianship willingly enough. The girl had been at school in the country at the time, in Sussex, and as Silas had died in the South of France, she had not come home for the funeral. Since then, thanks to measles, a trip to America on Donald's part, and a holiday in Yorkshire with friends, guardian and ward had not met.

To Donald she had seemed just a little girl. He pictured her with dolls, and pig-tails, if such things existed in this bobbed and shingled age. But eighteen! He supposed that through a London season he danced often enough with a lass of eighteen, had now and again flirted, yes, probably proposed to a girl of eighteen! Devastating thought!

"I'll really have to see her," he muttered. "I'll go down on Saturday. Dash it all, I believe I'm funkling it!"

Funkling it so much was Donald that when he arrived at the lovely old Queen Anne house, which was Miss Mostyn's Select Academy for Young Gentlewomen in the heart of Sussex, he was guilty of a subterfuge.

He sent in his name to Miss Mostyn as Mr. Chambers. Was he not Donald Chambers Lincoln? He stood trembling, as he might have done if the Lord Chief Justice had sent for him in his private room during a trial. Then suddenly someone entered.

A golden, laughing, whirlwind of

beauty, blue of eye — a girl, a woman, a poem, an inspiration.

"Hullo!" Dolly held out a firm, brown hand. "So my guardian has come to life at last. He might have come down himself, Mr. Chambers, but I suppose that an ambassador is better than no one. Miss Mostyn is taking an examination and sent me along. Do sit down!"

Donald sat on the edge of a chair and stared at the loveliness of her. She was a woman, indeed, in the first sweet blush of her young womanhood, and he had thought of her playing with dolls. And she was smiling at his awkwardness.

"Cheer up!" she said. "I know how you are feeling. Any young man would. A bit cool of my guardian to send someone about my own age down to see me, I must say."

Donald gulped. "Your own age, young lady," he laughed. "I like that. I—I am thirty!"

She nodded. "A nice age for a man. A girl of twenty, and I'm getting on, is about the same as a man of thirty. Well, what's the ultimatum?"

Donald reddened. "Mr. Lincoln had your letter!" he said. "That's a mercy. I had almost come to think of the man as a fairy tale. Really, the way he has treated me —"

"It's been a chapter of accidents," said Donald quickly. "No one regrets it more than Mr. Lincoln."

"And now he sends you to interview me, Mr. Chambers," she laughed. "Really, he is a strange man. But I don't mind. You look kind. Tell me, why didn't my guardian come to-day?"

"A very important case in the courts. Miss Hislop, at the last moment," he explained, and then hastened on. "Now, the fact of the matter is, your guardian realises that you have come to — to an age when you are fit to judge for yourself, and he would like to know what you would like to do in the future."

Dolly clasped her knees with satisfaction.

"Really," she exclaimed, "he's a very sporting old fellow, and I like him as much as one can possibly like anyone through the post. I say, Mr. Chambers" — her voice dropped into the confidential note of a school-girl — "do you think he would feel awfully hurt if I spent the next holidays with a girl here, Yvonne Marot, whose people live in Paris? Miss Mostyn says it is quite all right, and I do adore Christmas in Paris!"

Donald breathed freely. Once again was he saved. Of course, it was putting off the evil day, but it was better than nothing, and it solved the business of the Christmas holidays. He had been dreading them. What could he do with a girl of eighteen on his hands over Christmas? The question was impossible.

"Why," he exclaimed, "of course you can — that is to say," he assumed a semi-judicial air, "that is to say if Miss Mostyn is quite certain that they are entirely suitable people."

She laughed, and his eyes feasted themselves upon the delicious picture of her throat as it was thrown back in that laugh-

"My dear man," she said, "they are some of the old French nobility. Terribly strict, and very jolly. Thanks awfully! I suppose — she eyed him with momentary doubt — "I suppose you can speak for my guardian?"

"Oh, yes," said he, and then in case he had spoken a little too quickly, he added: "By the way, though, I've been sent down to-day to sound you, Miss Hislop. Mr. Lincoln, er — er — feels himself in a bit of a difficulty. He doesn't want you to feel that you've got to do anything in the future you don't want to do. Have you made-up your mind what you would like to do with your life, where you'll live, and what you'll do?"

The girl's blue eyes clouded a little. "Shan't I live with him?" she asked.

Donald looked worried.

"Well, you see, that the point. He's a bachelor —"

"But frightfully old, isn't he? I really know nothing about the man. Like my darling old grandfather, isn't he, Mr. Chambers?"

Donald blinked. "Well, no, he's not so old as all that, Miss Hislop, and his bachelor ways would scarcely suit you. That's the point."

Dolly laughed kindly.

"I see," she said. "It's rather sweet of him to be so worried. I've got about two hundred a year of my own, haven't I?"

"Yes, it's not much, but —"

"It'll do me," she rose, and held out a friendly hand. "I hear Miss Mostyn coming. She'll think us much to much of an age, Mr. Chambers, for a private converse, so thank you. Tell my guardian that I think he has been most generous, and most sporting. I'm dying to see him. As for the future, I'll think it out all over the Christmas holidays, and when I come back to London, then I'll have worked something out. I shan't bother him. "Ah," she said demurely, "Miss Mostyn!"

Christmas came and went in its inevitable manner.

It had not been an easy time for Donald Lincoln, for he was dreading January. The more he thought the whole matter over, the more he regretted now that he had not taken the plunge when he had gone down to the school in the Autumn. It would have made things easier now. What was he to do? If only he had a sister or some decent female relation. But he had no one. And he felt rather diffident about handing the trust over to some lady friend. In a few weeks the girl would come back from Paris. He could imagine her arriving at Victoria in the furs he had sent her from her "guardian" as a Yuletide gift. She would look exquisite. She'd be back in England, and glad to get back as one is after a journey abroad. She would feel that sense of homecoming which, too, is only to be felt about that time of the year. She would look for home.

His flat? Oh, heaven! He shivered at the prospect of informing Howard, his immaculate and elderly manservant, that he had a Miss Dolly Hislop, his ward, coming to stay. In fact, it could not be done.

What then?

(Continued on Page 15.)

POWELL'S



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Christmas



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gift magic of cosmetics and perfumery . . . is Christmas.

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WELL MATCHED!

(Continued from Page 14.)

Rooms, digs, a boarding-house? Poor little soul, it was a perfect teaser. Frequently through the Christmas festivities his friends accused him of being in love, because he was so thoughtful, when all the time he was merely trying to think of a way out.

She saved him again.

A few days before she was due he received a very friendly little note.

"Nicest of all guardians," she wrote, "do you think that you could let me have just one other little month? Some very nice people—the Hendrys (they will write to you)—want me to go to their place near Chester when I return. Phyllis Hendry has been staying here with me in Paris. She, too, was at Miss Mostyn's. I feel a pig, but perhaps you won't mind, because this really must be the end of my slacking, and henceforward I must start and work for my living. I would travel straight on from Paris."

Like a drowning man he accepted the chance, and it was he, as one Chambers, who met her when she arrived at Victoria, and took her across to Euston with her friend, Miss Hendry.

They walked up and down the platform before the train started, and she appeared in a more serious mood than before.

"It's kind of you to trouble like this," she said. "Will you tell my guardian I'm so sorry about his cold? By the way, has he made up his mind about what is to happen to me?"

She asked this as she hung out of the carriage window.

Donald shook his head.

"He was hoping for a word from you," he said.

"I know, but it's so frightfully difficult. What can a girl do? You see, I've just realised that nice people like Miss Mostyn spend fifty or sixty years of their admirable life in unfitting girls for any decent occupation in life. I suppose I'll have to be a stenographer!"

Donald groaned at the thought, and he spent several very unhappy weeks trying to picture the heavenly creature at a typewriter.

At last the time for her to come to London for good and all approached, and he was compelled to face the fact. An old lady friend of his, whom he consulted, laughed at him, and told him to bring the child to her. There were many hostels, she explained, where nice girls could live. If he got her a job, and kept a fatherly eye on her until she married, he would have done his duty well. For a week or two while she looked round she could stay with her.

"You wait till you see her," said Donald.

The next morning Donald received a letter which shocked him dreadfully.

"Dear Guardian—I want to write and thank you for the generous and patient way in which you have treated me. Many guardians would not have let me have such a topping time, and I do realise that I shall now have to settle down and work. I don't want you to worry your head about me. If you will please look after my money and see no one cheats me about that, it is all I ask! And please how much is two hundred a year, a week? Miss Mostyn never taught me that. She was too busy about deportment! Also, I've got something to say to you. I know you've been worrying about me because you are an old bachelor, and couldn't possibly put me up. Well, I am in love, and I suppose that I ought to confess to my guardian that I hope very much that he will love me too, one day. I hope to see quite

a lot of him some time. People say I am pretty, and in Paris, and here in Chester, I've been pestered to madness by young men—and older men. So perhaps he may like me. Anyhow, as far as a girl may, I'm going to try to make him like me, and so relieve you of all responsibility. Thank you for every sort of kindness, and I don't need any money for the journey to town. I've got tons!—Love, D."

Donald read it through many times, and then cursed.

I love!

Some puppy, some beardless youth she had met in Paris, probably? It was all his fault, too. He had neglected a sacred trust. He ought to have gone to her as soon as old Hislop died, and made her understand that he was almost old enough to be her father. Love—at eighteen! Forgetting himself as he had been at eighteen he thought the idea absurd.

He was, thus, in a very stern mood indeed when he met her train at Euston several days later, and helped her into a taxi.

"Where am I going?" she asked.

"You are going to stay with an old lady friend of your guardian's for a little while," he said. "a Mrs. Green. You'll like her, and to-night your guardian wants you to dine with him at his flat in St. James's."

"What-ho!" said she.

Then she caught the stern glimmer in the corner of his eye.

"I say, anything wrong?" she asked, cheerily.

He regarded her.



"What's this you've been writing to your guardian?" he asked in a low voice. "When he asked me to come to the station to meet you to-day, he seemed very upset about something. So—so I thought I would warn you. I'm afraid you are in for it this evening."

The wonderful blue eyes were suddenly clouded.

"No, really!" she cried. "But—oh, I know, I—I told him that I was terribly in love with someone."

Donald reddened.

"Rot!"

"Rot, yourself!"

Donald grinned. She certainly had not lost all her schoolgirl vigour of repartee.

"Still," he murmured, isn't it rather silly to talk about being in love at your age, Dolly?"

"Why? Isn't first love the sweetest love? Isn't the truly happy person the person who loves but once, and that for the first and last time, in youth and in old age?"

He sighed.

"It sounds like a poem, but life isn't a poem, my child!"

"Life's what you make it," said she.

Their eyes met.

"Well, Dolly, all I can say is that I think it rather foolish of you, my dear, at your time of life to fall in love with some lad. I'd like to have a word with the young gentleman in question. Making love to a child!"

But he stopped, with the taxi, and without noticing how she smiled.

Then he handed her over to the tender mercies of Mrs. Green, who was in his secret, and did not give him away.

Later that evening he called in his own car, and said that he had been sent to take her to her guardian.

"He makes use of you, doesn't he?" she said, as she sat back in the car.

He gazed at her. She was in white, with white fox about her neck, and the gold in her hair touched, as it were, by the bright flame in her cheeks.

"He felt that as I know you quite well now, I had better bring you along —"

"Will you be at dinner?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm glad!" she whispered, and seemed to sit a little closer.

Donald pulled himself together, and made business with the lighting of a cigarette.

Ten minutes later they had alighted from the car at St. James's, and his manservant let them in to a very pleasant drawing-room.

"If you'll wait here, Dolly," he said, in a low voice, "I'll fetch your guardian!"

Suddenly he felt a little hand trembling in his.

"Don't leave us alone!" she exclaimed. "I—I am afraid of him without you —"

He looked down at her. Then suddenly he stood upright, straightened his tie, coughed and went out of the room.

She stood waiting. Her heart was beating madly. She could scarcely breathe.

The manservant threw upon the door, and said: "Mr. Lincoln!"

Donald came in.

She sprang forward. Then stopped. The door closed on him. The blood came and went from her face.

"Where is he? But—who are you?"

He came straight to her, trying to find his voice.

"Listen, child, I've been a fool, but I meant it for the best. I've been in such a tangle about you. You see, I am Donald Chambers Lincoln. I—I am your guardian!"

"You—you—you angel!" she cried, and suddenly she put her face in her hands, and began to laugh so hard that she wasn't sure whether she was crying or laughing.

He asked her:

"Are you crying or laughing?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" she cried. "I'm so happy, and so surprised, and so glad!" She looked at him through brilliant eyes. "Oh, yes, I'm glad it's you!"

He held her hand, and took her to a sofa.

"Now, look here, Dolly, after dinner we are going to have a long talk. And you've got to give me the name and address of this lad you fancy yourself in love with. I'm going to see him, and say what I think of him. I'm not going to have you make a mess of your young life about some whippersnapper —"

"Whippersnapper!" she cried.

"Well —"

"He's a great friend of yours, Mr. Lincoln!" she said, and her lips trembled.

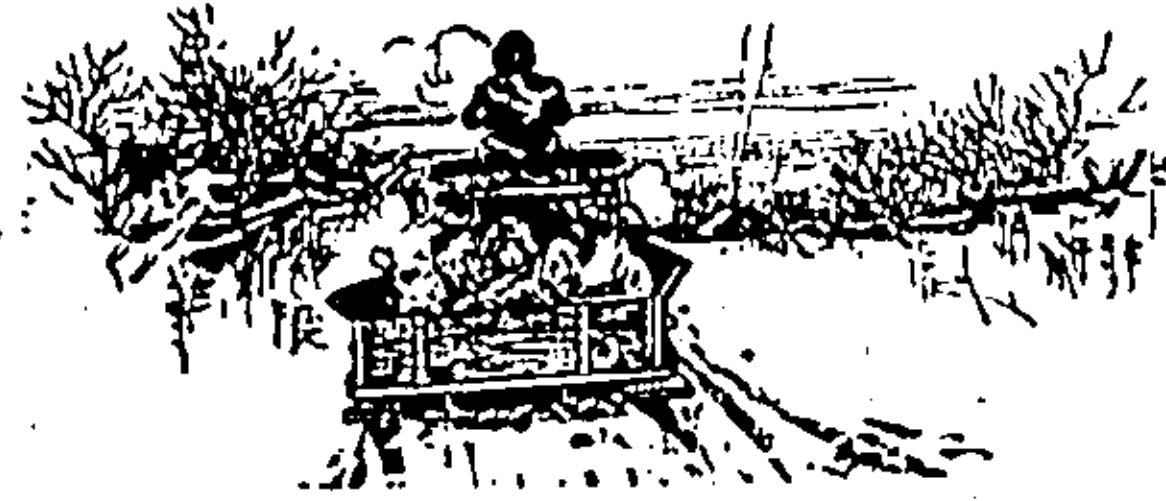
"A friend of mine? I—I think well of him?"

"Very!"

"How do you know, pray?" he demanded.

"You sent him to look after me, often enough, Mr. Lincoln," and in that moment, as she opened her arms to him, the child was gone for ever, and she was a woman. "For you see it is Mr. Chambers with whom I have fallen so hopelessly in love, dear, dear guardian. Has he anything to say about it?"

"Speaking for Chambers," he whispered, as his lips met hers, "I think he has a great deal to say!"



The Christmas Trail

Then and Now

*A crack of the whip, we were off through the streets,
And we snuggled down cozy and deep,
As the horse sped along and the bells slapped his flanks,
Over snow that had drifted in heaps.*



*We sang as we rode, and the frost of our breath
We sang just the harder to see,
And we clapped mittened hands to keep warm for the hour
As we slipped over bridge and by tree.*

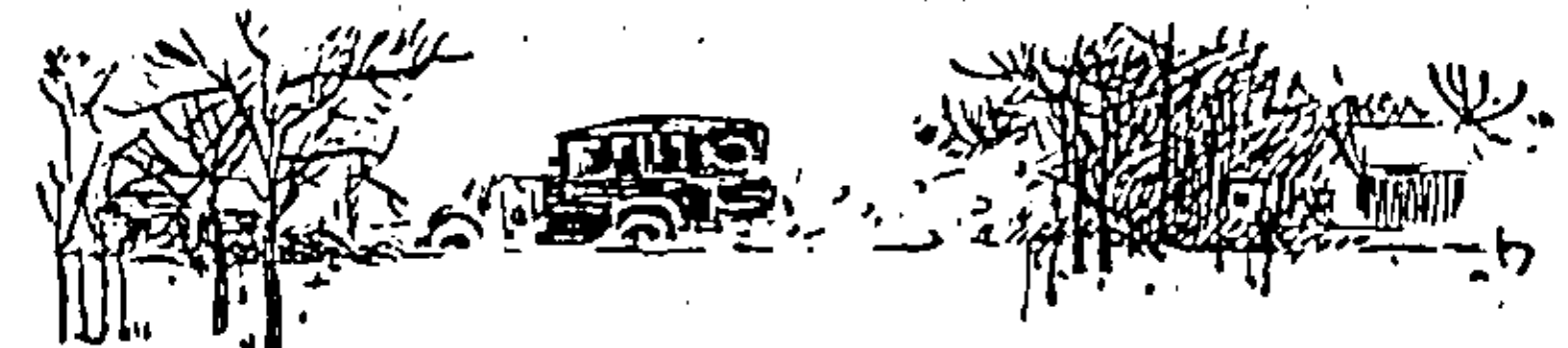


*I think of that fun in that trim Christmas sleigh
As I follow the gasoline trail
In these days of the pavement, the motor and coupe,
That rival the train on the rail.*

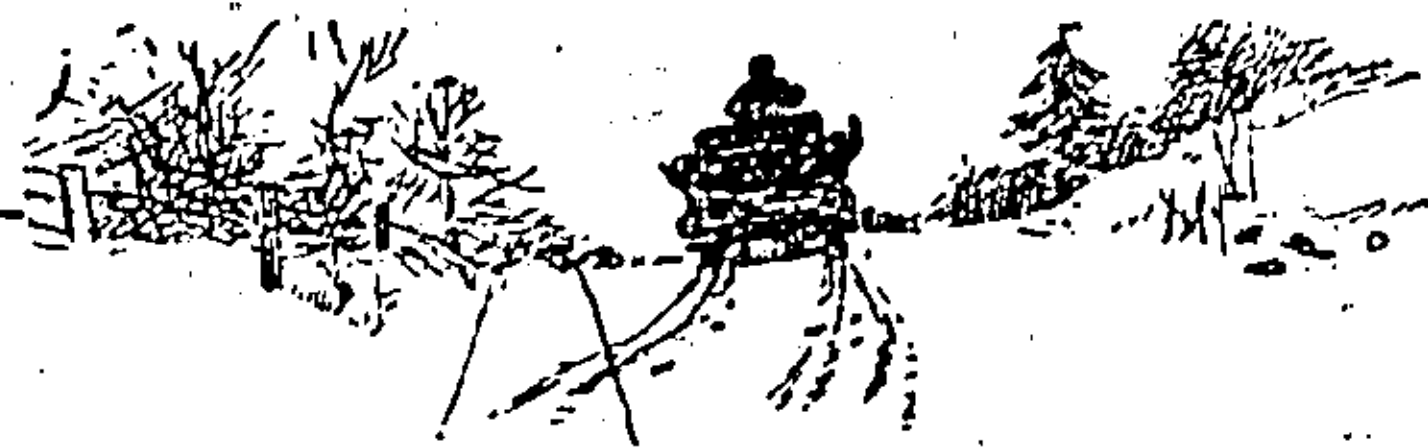
*Christmas day—the white horse—and the shining black sleigh,
I think of them now with a sigh,
While I step on the gas and I send the old girl
Just one mile a minute on high!*



*Christmas day—and the horse—and the shining black sleigh,
The jingle and tinkle of bells;
Oh, how I remember them—blissfully sweet—
In the story past Christmas times tell.*



*We packed in the sleigh and went slipping away
Over fields, over fences and roads,
That led out to Grandfather's farm where we drove
In jolly big Christmastime loads.*



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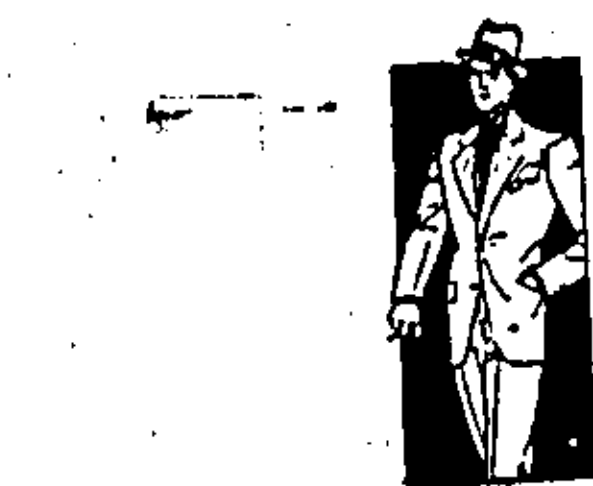


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ASTRAY IN THE SNOW.

By WINIFRED A. RATCLIFF.

"DERRY, how perfectly awful! What—what do you suppose we can do?"

"The blighter! Wait until I—here! come in under the shed, for goodness sake, Kit," and Derek Amberly jerked his pretty wife further beneath the very inadequate shelter which the diminutive railway station boasted, while he continued to stare with savage eyes into the uncompromising darkness.

"If this isn't the very deuce!" he muttered, kicking the light snow from under his feet furiously. "What possessed me to agree to this fool scheme is more than I can understand."

A few days before "the scheme" had seemed alluring enough. That was when he and Kitty had unexpectedly found themselves thrown upon their own resources for the Christmas holidays. The prospect of spending the festive season alone was one which neither of them particularly relished, and when Jimmy Masters had mooted the notion of opening his week-end cottage in Dovecote Heath and, further, suggested that the Amberlys should join his wife and himself there for a couple of days, Kitty and Derek had simply jumped at it.

Christmas in a country cottage! What could be more charming, or half so novel?

The cottage lay, tucked delightfully out of the world, three miles from the railway station, but as Jimmy owned a runabout car he was proudly independent of the trains. For Derek, less fortunate, it had been arranged that he and Kitty should make the ten-mile journey from town by train, to be met at Heath station by Jimmy with the car, the Masters having been installed at the cottage the day previously. It had all seemed delightfully easy and pleasant, but—something had evidently gone very wrong. Certainly the Amberlys were not to blame, for here they were, at precisely eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, two solitary figures, standing upon the platform of Heath station. Jimmy and the car were not to be seen. Derry peered forward in a futile endeavour to discern anything through the solid blackness. Suddenly he turned to the girl.

"It's no use, Kit. I'm afraid there's nothing for it except walking it," he announced. "The idiot has miscalculated the train's arrival, I suppose. 'It's absolutely impossible for us to stay here; there isn't even a waiting-room, and the porter is locking up his office. Come along, old girl, let's put the best face we can upon it, and step out. Straight down the road from the station, and first turning to the left. Jimmy's is the only house in the lane; you simply can't miss 'Rose Cottage.'"

With that Derry slipped a firm hand beneath his wife's arm, gripped his "week-end" with the other, and stepped into the road, while the porter, who by now had finished his locking-up, gazed after the pair with an expression of curiosity, not unmixed with contempt, upon his face. "What them town folks 'ull do is past crediting," he muttered, as he turned in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile Kitty and Derek were speedily finding that they required all the

"face" they could call to their command to meet their emergency. The snow, which had commenced to fall several hours before, had already spread a white cloak over road, hedges, and surrounding fields, which, together with the darkness, baffled all sense of direction.

Kitty clung tightly to her husband's arm and sternly endeavoured to repress the panicky feeling which rose each time she tried to look ahead. Suppose they missed the turning! Suppose they wandered on and on until, overcome by fatigue and cold, they dropped by the wayside! The picture of herself lying stiff and frozen was so vivid that a half sob self-pity involuntarily escaped her.

Derek, who had been striding by her side, stolid and silent, caught the sound and turned a harassed face towards the girl.

"Kit, you're—you're not going to funk it, old woman?"

Kitty laughed a trifle shakily as she put the fascinatingly grim vision of her own corpse behind her.

"Funking it? Don't be an ass, Derry! Only—only, I do wish we could reach that turning! I'm horribly afraid we shall pass it without seeing it: the whole landscape seems exactly the same, with the snow covering everything."

"Nonsense!" retorted Derry, with a good deal more assurance than he was feeling. "We haven't come nearly far enough for the turn yet. I came down with Jim a couple of years back, and I distinctly remember every inch of the way we—why, here it is!" and he stopped abruptly at a spot where the hedge on the left hand was broken.

"But—but I thought you said it was further?"

"We must have walked more quickly than I thought: this is the turn all right," Derek responded easily, brushing aside his previous argument in true man fashion. "Come and look for yourself."

The opening, upon a nearer inspection, did indeed prove to be the entrance to another lane, and the travellers turned almost thankfully into it.

"We'll be there in no time," declared Derek. "Phew! what a beastly night!" he continued, as the wind, which was now directly before them, flung a host of ice-cold flakes into their faces with stinging force. "Pity any poor blighter with no destination on an evening of this sort. I was reading, at lunch, of one of the inmates from the Gartly Private Asylum who escaped last night. If he hasn't been found, I suppose he'll be out in this ——" He was interrupted by a barely suppressed scream from Kitty.

"You tactless idiot! What on earth do you want to talk about lunatics at large for? And the Gartly Asylum is only four or five miles away. I—oh!"

A much louder scream broke from the girl's lips as both she and Derek went sprawling into the ditch by the roadside, at a point where it widened unexpectedly across their path. The ditch was not deep, but the bottom of it was strewn with broken bricks, and Derry, as he gathered himself up, was conscious of a warm, sticky "some-

thing" where his forehead had come into contact with them.

"Derry! Derry! Are you hurt?" Kitty's voice was frantic.

"Not a bit of it. What about you, chick?"

"I think I've wrenched my knee a little, but I'll get along. Oh, Derry, do let us get on! If I have much more of this I shall be a lunatic myself before Christmas morning."

Now they were on the way once more, this time more slowly than ever, for Kitty's knee proved terribly painful, and she was soon limping badly.

It seemed a dreary age before Derek gave a glad cry:

"Look! look! a light! This must be the cottage—at last. Come on, darling, I believe our troubles are over. My flashlight—ah! here. Yes, yes; do look, Kit—the name is on the gate—'Rose Cottage.' What about it, old girl; what have you to say now, eh?"

Then he gave a gasp, for Kitty had responded by quietly dropping to the ground in a dead faint. It was the work of a moment to pick the girl up in his sturdy arms and race to the house door. Without even pausing to knock, he managed somehow to open it, and strode across a tiny hall into a cosily-furnished, brightly-lighted room.

"Jim, I say! Where are you?" Derry's voice ran frantically over the house: the small, ominously still figure which he had now lowered to the Chesterfield was filling him with agonized terror.

There was a sound of rapid footsteps over his head; now they were on the stairs.

"Jimmy, how could you ——" Derry began, then the words froze on his lips.

Through the further doorway appeared an apparition that might have stepped from a frame in some old picture gallery. It was the figure of a man of about Derry's own age and build, dressed in the handsome flowing garments of the Stuart period, perfect in every detail, even to the picturesque feather-loaded hat which the strange vision held in its hand. Derry stared with goggling eyes at the man, from his powdered white head to his red-heeled shoes. Who, in pity's name, was this silent, mediaeval creature, and what did it all mean?

Then in a flash the ghastly explanation came to him: The escaped lunatic of Gartly Private Asylum! Yes, yes, that was it. Derry recollected reading that the man was young and rich; doubtless his wealth had enabled him to play the characters he imagined himself to be in costume. Assuredly this was the rig-out in which he had escaped yesterday.

His fascinated gaze was still fixed upon the man, and now he noticed how wild were his eyes, how deadly white and strained his face. Was he dangerous—and what of Jimmy and his wife? "Humour a lunatic always!" The words hammered themselves on Derry's brain. Yes, that was the advice in every novel he had ever read of escaped maniacs. He ———

"Derry, I—I ——" It was Kitty's voice, shaky and bewildered.

(Continued on Page 21.)

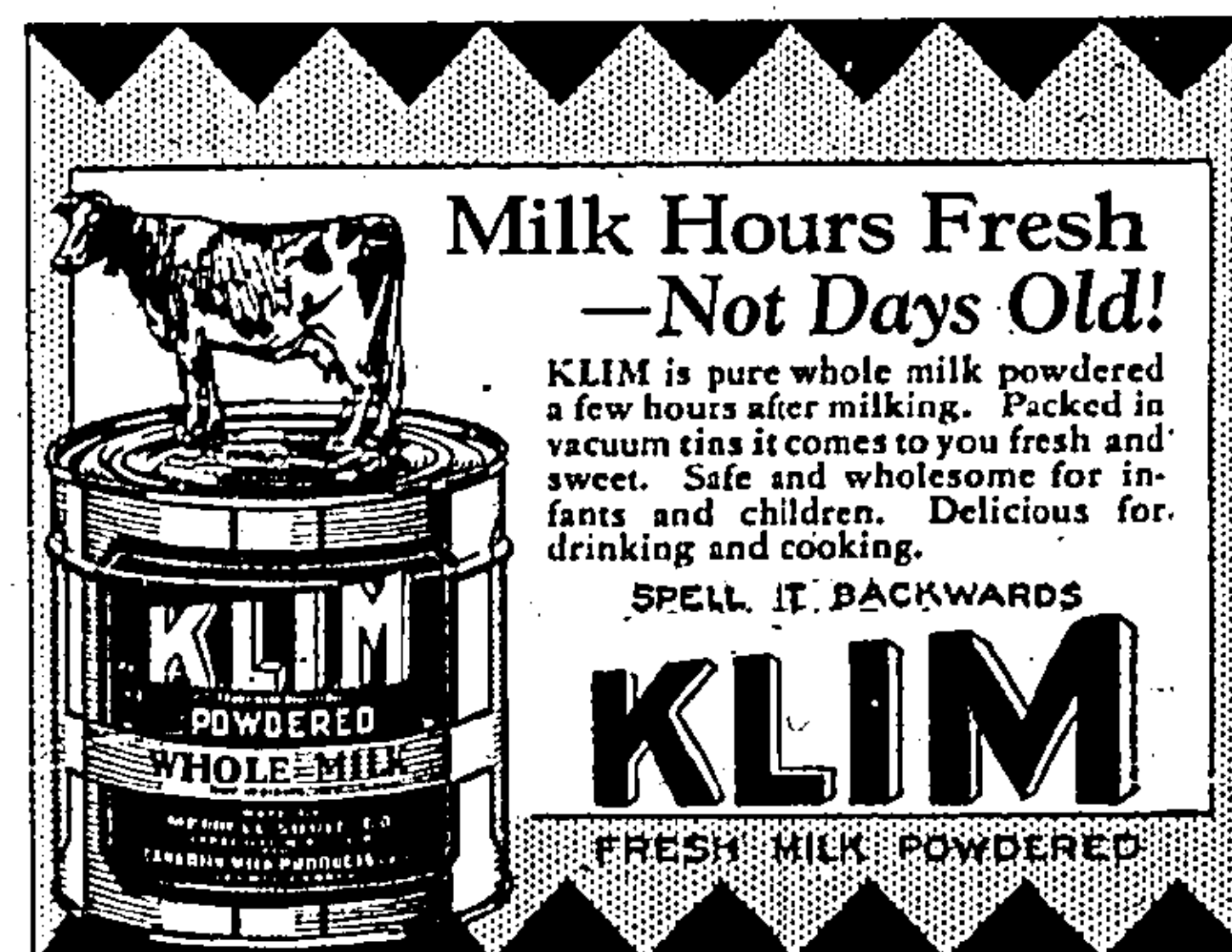
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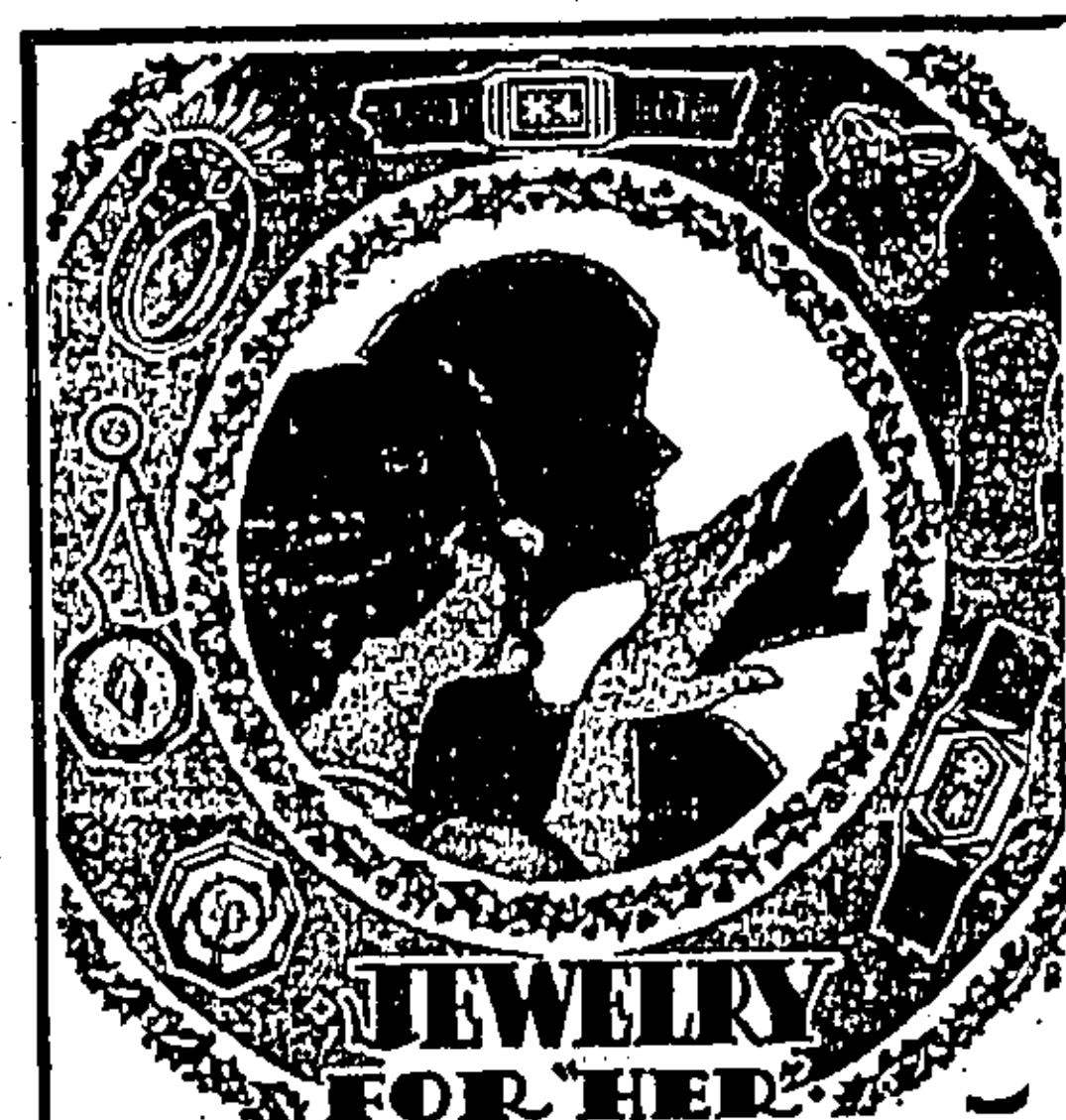
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ASTRAY IN THE SNOW.

(Continued from Page 19.)

"Listen, Kit"—Derry was talking into her ear so softly that the maniac behind him could catch no word—"we're in a mess—don't scream!—knocked up against the escaped lunatic. Keep your courage, and humour him. Trust me!"

A cough from the maniac caused Derry to spin round. Now for it!

"You—you are Charles the First?"

"No. Charles the Second." The maniac's voice was queer and unnatural. "And you?"

"I? Oh, I am Dick Turpin, of course. Good old Dick!"

"And the lady?" The maniac was of the persistent order. "I suppose you—er—picked her up, and—er—knocked her down, eh?"

"That is exactly the case, Your Majesty. Plucked her from her coach under her father's very nose. Ha! ha! was there ever such a joke?" and Derry laughed uproariously, while he marvelled inwardly at his own stupendous powers of invention.

"Ha! ha! clever fellow!" cried the madman, joining in the laughter with a thin, high-pitched note which made the other two shudder.

Kitty had risen to her feet now, and was staring around with a hunted, terrified expression. Then she caught sight of the door by which they had entered. With a bound she reached it and wrenched at the knob. Perhaps the screws were loose: at all events it came away in her hand, and the knob on the outer side, together with its connecting rod, clattered to the floor on the further side of the door. They were fastened in as securely as if by a dozen locks—fastened in the room with a maniac!

"I was just going to dine; won't you join me? The table, you see, is already laid."

The madman's voice was quite calm now, although it seemed to the unwilling guests to threaten unutterable things, and neither of them dared to disobey the invitation. Immediately they were seated the lunatic assumed the role of host with amazing ease.

"You will take turkey, of course?" he asked, brandishing a wicked-looking carver, and Kitty nodded stupidly. That must be the Masters' turkey, the sixteen-pounder they had talked of. A feeling of sickly horror came over the girl. Where were the Masters?

"Come, come! you're not eating," the maniac prompted.

"I—I was wondering where the owners of this cottage are," she faltered; for she would know the worst, come what may.

A moment's hesitation, then:

"Oh, I—er—just disposed of them, you know. That was in order, I suppose, Dick?"

Derek inclined his head; it was the only thing he was capable of doing. Jimmy, good old Jimmy, and the dear little wife, "disposed of," hacked to pieces upstairs, maybe, or strangled and lifeless in the out-house, or—

"Dick, the King would drink. Reach the bottle from your sideboard," commanded the mad cavalier.

Derry sprang to obey, and as he turned the lunatic thrust his white face close to Kitty's ear.

"Have courage; I'll save you," he whispered, and the girl felt his hot breath on her cheek. "I don't know whom you are, but that man is a dangerous lunatic; he must be humoured. Do you understand?" went on the fierce, low voice.

Yes, yes, I understand," she returned, and gasped with relief as her husband re-

turned to the table. Had she not been already sure, this would have convinced her of the stranger's madness; for did they not frequently imagine themselves perfectly sane, and those around them mad?

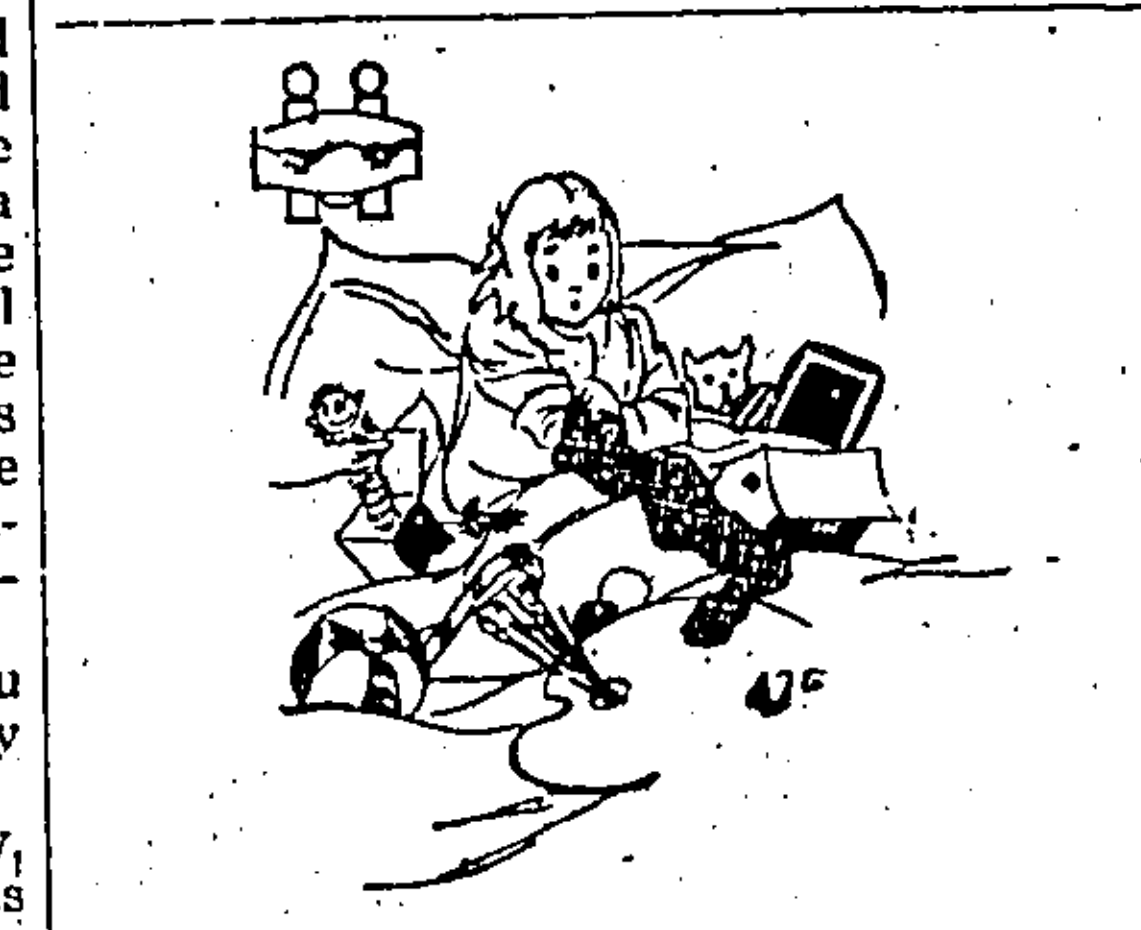
"What, finished already?" cried the maniac in his strange voice. "You've had no sweets? Won't you try one of these meringues?"

Kitty shook her head speechlessly. Meringues were Jimmy's favourite sweet, she knew, and the thought of eating one now made her feel almost physically sick.

There was a two-minute silence fraught with horrible tension. Then Derry abruptly jumped to his feet. "I say, there's a gramophone. Perhaps Your Majesty might like a tune," he suggested.

"Why not a dance?" cried the maniac. "A dance, that is the thing. I pray you, one moment." He crossed to the instrument, but his shaking fingers refused to hold the needle, and it was Derry who, finally, started up the machine with "Love Light In Your Eyes."

The lunatic thrust the table into a corner and, bowing, requested the honour of dancing with Kitty. As she made no demur the man slipped his arm about her and began to move with her to the rhythm of the music. She expected him to fall into some stately minuet, but apparently his mediaeval instincts were not proof against the allure-



ment of the tune, for he waltzed in as up-to-date a fashion as she knew of. Round and round, backwards, forwards; swaying gently this way and that. Never, never could the girl forget that awful dance. The eyes of the lunatic seemed to be boring into her brain; a thousand ghostly figures were gliding past her. She was rapidly reaching the limit of her endurance when—

"Honk, honk, honk!" The strident notes of a motor-horn were flung to them from somewhere outside.

"Help! help!" shrieked Kitty, as her last remnant of self-control snapped; and Derry joined his voice with hers.

There was a confused noise outside, a voice shouting excitedly, rushing feet, then a thunderous knocking upon the door.

"Quickly! quickly! The knob—it has fallen to the floor," Kitty screamed. Another moment's delay, then the door was flung open, and framed in the opening stood—Jimmy Masters.

"Jimmy, you're safe!" gasped Derry. "This awful lunatic—I—we—"

Jimmy Masters gazed at each occupant of the room in dazed astonishment. "Lunatic? What the dickens are you talking about?" he spluttered. Then the "lunatic" suddenly began to laugh; he threw back his head and yelled.

"Oh, my hat! I believe I understand," he gasped at last, when he could manage to speak. "This gentleman evidently thought I was the escaped lunatic; and the funny part of it is that I thought he was. He marched in here with blood upon his face and an unconscious lady in his arms, and

owned to being Dick Turpin, so I tried to humour him by saying I was Charles the Second, which was easy, as I was just trying on my costume for the fancy dress affair at the Palais next week. Oh! ha! ha!

Derry's face was a study in mortification and bewilderment. "But I was only trying to humour you," he burst out. "Jim, what does it mean? Do you know this—this gentleman?"

Jimmy was grinning himself now; he was just beginning to appreciate the joke. "Know him? Why, certainly! This is Arthur Daye, pal of mine, and one of the best. You are in his house at the present moment."

"Great Scot? I—I— isn't this 'Rose Cottage,' then?"

"Yes, old man, but not my 'Rose Cottage.' When you began to walk from the station you forgot the small detail of crossing the line; consequently every step you took carried you further away from Dovecote Heath. I started out to meet the train, but had a breakdown on the way. When I got to the station you were nowhere about, so I dug out the porter, who told me you had gone towards Little Heath. I was on my way there when I heard Kitty's voice calling for help. Lord! it gave me a turn. I knew this was Daye's bachelor house, so decided to investigate, and—

"Listen!" Kitty held up her hand. Faintly on the wind came the sound of merry bells.

"Christmas day! A happy Christmas to you all. Fill the glasses," cried the cavalier. Jimmy took the drink and held it aloft. Here's to the Christmas lunatic, whichever of you it is," he chuckled.

But neither Derry Ambery nor his host were sufficiently disengaged at the moment to acknowledge the claim.

MAKING THE TABLE BEAUTIFUL.

A REALLY delightful centre for the Christmas dinner table is intended for arranging under the centre lamp which is found over almost every dinner table. The principle note of decoration is the big bell, which is to be covered with gold paper; from the bell are festooned golden ribbons, each end fastening round a cluster of gold and blue crackers. Of gold lace on a red foundation is the table centre, and the big centre-basket of fruit is gilded to repeat the beautiful note of gold which predominates throughout the decoration. The candlesticks, richly painted, are of the Eastern design now so popular. They are finished with golden shades.

The entire decoration can be achieved at very little expense; the bell is made on any suitable foundation at hand—a round wicker paper basket; the bell-shapes at the top outlined in wire, or the wire foundation for a crinoline lady are all equally suitable. Any woman with quick, neat fingers can add a little wire to improve the shape at top and bottom and deftly cover inside and out with gold paper. The clapper is wire, with the end enlarged with a wad of tissue paper, then the entire clapper covered with gold paper.

Gold tinsel ribbon is inexpensive to buy, and for the gold lace centre a circle can be cut from the best bit of an old lace curtain and gilded. When cutting out follow the design at the edge, as a lace-like edge is pretty and will achieve the effect of a very expensive lace centre.

A little red is needed with the design of gold and blue, and this can be introduced as a lining to the gold lace centre.

Ingenuity can also be exercised with the gold basket for the centre. An old work-basket or fair-sized strawberry pummet can be gilded and any weak spot concealed with sprigs of holly.



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CHRISTMAS JOKES.

A SCOTSMAN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A number of Scotsmen was invited to a Christmas party, and told to bring something with them as a surprise. The man from Edinburgh brought shortbread, and the man from Glasgow, whisky. The Dundee man brought marmalade, and the Aberdeen man his brother.

JUST LIKE SANTA CLAUS.

Molly and Jack were on their way home from Sunday school on the Sunday after Christmas, where the lesson for the day had been on the power of the "evil one."

"Jack," asked Molly, "do you really think there is a devil?"

"Rot!" said Jack scornfully, memories of Christmas Eve fresh in his mind. "It's like Santa Claus—it's father!"

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

An innkeeper and his wife conducted a goose club every Christmas. The country folk round about always took part in it, with the hope of obtaining a goose or the price of one. The publican also took tickets for it, and somehow he always won prizes. The simple country folk wondered, but attributed it to good luck. Small pieces of metal were cut, numbered, and put into a large bag, and they were drawn by the publican's seven-year-old daughter. On Christmas Eve the drawing was proceeding gaily, when sudden-



ly there was a stop. The little girl was puzzled, and held her hand in the bag for a time. Her father called for her to be quick, and was almost stunned when she replied: "I can't find the hot one, father!"

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

"A good many Christmas customs are quite modern," says a writer. Which is more than can be said for some of the jokes in the pantomimes.

PARTED.

A young man who has a lot of invitations for Christmas says that he does not care whether it is incorrect to wear a watch with dress-clothes, because he never has a watch and a dress-suit at the same time.

ACTING ON GOOD ADVICE.

Father: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Small Boy: "All right, Dad, what about letting me have a go at that Christmas cake now, instead of waiting until to-morrow?"

THE RESCUER.



Mother (entering room prepared for Christmas party): "Where have you been, you naughty boy, your clothes are dripping wet? See what a mess you have made of the carpet!"

Boy: "It's all right. I've just saved five boys and three girls from drowning."

Mother: "How?"

Boy: "They were just going on the ice when I fell through."

SHE'LL KEN.

It was market and Christmas day, and John Smith, farmer, Bograxie, after finishing his business in the corn market, went to celebrate the season. He patronised several public houses, with the result that he got fairly "well to do," and missed the last train home. Making his way to the Post Office he rolled up to the counter, and from the young lady on duty, brusquely demanded—

"Gi'es a form."

"What sort of a form do you want?" she asked.

"Oh, ane o' yer telegraph forms, an' will ye fill it up for me?"

"Oh, yes, what shall I say?"

"Lat's see. Oh, ay, jist address it to Mrs. Smith, Bograxie, and say, 'Lost the train—Jock.'"

"But won't you give some reason for losing the train?" asked the young lady.

"Oh; ye needna bother about that—she'll ken!"

UNCERTAIN.

There is nothing to be done for the small boy who after the Christmas revelry wonders if he is as bad as he feels.

TAKING THE FLAVOUR OUT.

It's too bad the way some people try to spoil sport! Here's a doctor saying that Christmas pudding is good for us!

UNBEARABLE.

The house was still. All the Christmas guests but one had gone. Suddenly through the silence rang a passionate voice.

"Answer me, Dorothy!" cried the voice. "Answer me. I can bear this suspense no longer!"

"Answer him, Dorothy," echoed the voice of Dorothy's father in the hall, thinking of the coal and electric light bills, I can't bear this expense much longer."

A REMINDER.

A lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table: "Why is the goose always placed next the parson at the Christmas dinner?"

"Really, my lord," replied the clergyman, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking of your lordship."

A PRIZE TURKEY.

An old country woman, famed for the turkeys she bred for a high price, sold one just before Christmas to a neighbour. At dinner on Christmas Day Mr. Smith found the bird particularly tough, and the next day he went to the old woman to complain. "What do you mean by selling me such a bird," he cried.

"Why," exclaimed the dame, "was there anything wrong with it?"



"Wrong, madam? It was no good at all!"

"I can't understand it," she rejoined. "That bird won the first prize at the local poultry show for eleven years in succession!"

Poulterer (to woman buying turkey): "This one, madam?"

Woman: "No!"

Poulterer: "This one, (pause), this one?"

Woman: "No!"

Poulterer: "Well, let me know when I'm getting warm."

Husband: "You must not make any more pies for our next party, my dear."

Wife: "Why, my dear, there is none of them left."

Husband (lifting up top of the piano): "Yes, there is, dear. Look in here; they are all left."

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"HOCK OR SHERRY?"

By G. B. STERN AND GEOFFREY HOLDSWORTH.

IT was quite a pleasant house-party that sat round the fire in the square hall of Little Chantreys—quite a pleasant party, and quite an ordinary one. It was in the neighbourhood of eleven o'clock in the evening, and a tearing wind howled round the house. They were all feeling rather flat and out of tune—like the end of a gramophone record when the machine has been insufficiently wound up. It was two days after Christmas, and there was an atmosphere of litter about everything: like caps from crackers, Christmas cards, and cold mince pies.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were the host and hostess; he was a little City man, lately retired, inclined to be plump, and with shrewd blue eyes, and grey hair that was going bald in patches. Molly, his flapper daughter, sat on the floor, hands clasping her hunched-up knees; and Reggie, down from Cambridge for the Christmas vacation, sprawled at ease in a big armchair.

Then there was Mr. Stanton, who lived down the valley in a hideous red house which looked as if it had been deliberately placed so as to spoil the view from Little Chantreys—which it did very effectively. No one quite knew how he got his living; he always seemed to have plenty of money, and was fond of driving powerful motor-cars, and of having noisy week-end parties; he was the sort of man of whom people said vaguely: "Oh, Stanton! Quite a good chap; sporting sort of cove, you know!"

Delia Carey, a pretty girl of about twenty, sat on a low stool, her flushed face lit by the leaping flames. There were two or three cousins of the Stantons, and, lastly, the Author. Everybody called him the Author, though his name was Jimmy Ferris. He was a poor and struggling author, and nobody quite knew what he wrote: Reggie asked him once, and he replied that he did hack work; and Reggie did not pursue the subject because he didn't quite know what "hack work" was—it sounded like riding broken-down horses in Rotten Row! As a matter of fact, the Author, in the more sorrowful moments of the aforesaid hack work, had written the verses on most of the Christmas cards that lay everywhere about the room. But he did not own to this—he was afraid they might respect him too much.

The Author was a man of about thirty-two—and decidedly ugly. He was very tall and gaunt, and moved rather stiffly, and his dark hair was going grey at the temples. His upper lip was much too long, and his mouth was rather large, but his eyes were brown and Puck-like—queer, half merry, half wistful eyes.

He stared into the fire without saying a word, a pipe—long cold—clenched in his teeth. He was thinking about the Spencer's butler. He was always thinking about the butler. He dreamt about him at night, till that portly form of majesty, grandeur, and serene aloofness, became an obsession.

For he would have to tip the butler when he left—and, as before mentioned, he was a poor and struggling author, and he couldn't possibly afford more than ten shillings. One could not very well reward that sort of butler with less than a guinea, for he was

the very soul of all butlers made concrete, with just that roundness of form and that quiet scornful countenance which are the birthright of all really good butlers. The Author would never have accepted this invitation if he had known beforehand about the butler. What he feared now was having to stay at Little Chantreys on and on, for ever, in never-ending procrastination of the fatal hour of leave-taking and tipping. The butler spoilt his meals—he would start and tremble like a girl, and avert his eyes, when a caressing voice murmured in his ear: "Ock or sherry, sir?"

Just then Aunt Agatha spoke. She was the aged "legacy aunt" to be found cherished and cosseted in every family at Yule Tide. She was withered and angular; and eternally she knitted, like one of the pleasant ladies who watched the guillotining of the best blood of France during the Revolution. But now she laid down her knitting, and said, turning to her brother: "I believe this house is haunted, George."

"My dear Agatha, what makes you think that?"

"Well, every night since I've been here there's been a queer noise that seemed to come from outside my room—a chipping, scraping noise; and sometimes a sound like a bricklayer knocking a brick in two with his trowel; and often it sounds like someone coming slowly up a ladder. Perhaps a workman was killed by a fall when this house was built."

"I've not heard of anyone being killed here."

"Do you mean to say you've never been awakened by noises at night?"

"No, never."

The Author got up and knocked out his pipe into the fire; he sat down again, and seemed to be studying the faces round him. Then he said, turning to Aunt Agatha: "I expect you've been hearing little Joey, Miss Spencer. Haven't you heard the story?"

"No," she answered.

"Do tell us!" came the chorus.

"Is it a ghost story? How topping!" This from Molly.

"I don't think I will somehow. It's not a particularly pleasant story."

"Oh, come on, Ferris, be a good fellow! It's a rotten dull evening; we want something to buck us up."

"Well, it's as you please; but I warn you it's rather a sordid tale."

"Oh, never mind what it's like; we want to hear about our ghost!" said Reggie, roused from his studied air of ennui.

The Author refilled his pipe and lit it, and smoked reflectively for a while. Then he began.

"It was about thirty or forty years ago that this house was built; a rotten architectural period, but the man who designed the place was in front of his time, and really had an eye for beauty. And this fellow Joey was employed on the job as a bricklayer's labourer. Little Joey, they always called him. He was a thin wisp of a man, with a straggling untidy moustache, and rather sad brown eyes, like an Irish terrier's. No, I'm wrong; they weren't a dog's eyes; they were like a wistful monkey's—you know, the sort

of monkey you see on a barrel organ, shivering in the rain—awfully sad eyes, with hundreds of little wrinkles round them. He was rather like a monkey altogether—a little brown wizened creature, he must have been.

"Well, as I said, he was a bricklayer's labourer, and he was employed on this place from start to finish. When you heard those slow footsteps coming up a ladder, Miss Spencer, it must have been just as he did it, lots of times, carrying a hodful of bricks on his shoulder. It's not half so easy as it looks, carrying a hod. And I expect he had to break up bricks with a trowel for the bricklayers building the chimneys—you heard the sound of a trowel, didn't you?"

Aunt Agatha was growing uneasy. She looked up at the window. Was that the monotonous clink of a trowel she heard again? No, it couldn't be. A door banged somewhere, and she stifled a sharp exclamation. Mr. Spencer was wondering whether he ought to stop the Author, and suggest a round game. He didn't want the old lady upset while she was in his house. There was that legacy to be thought of. But Molly and Reggie were listening intently; it would be a pity to spoil the fun for them. So he said nothing.

"He watched it grow from its foundations till they put the roof on, and the plasterers were in, nailing up the laths, and beating the hair for the plaster, and the carpenters were putting in the floor-boards. And he grew to love it—fiercely, passionately, so that he couldn't bear to be away from it. He used to come back in the evenings when his work was done, and climb on to the highest scaffolding, and look all round him at the hills, with their rugged pines up against the sky and the white road, rising and dipping, southwards. How he wished that it was his, and that he was a gentleman, settled in the country, and not just little Joey, the bricklayer's labourer, and the butt of all the men! It was so different in his own home. He lived in an ugly four-roomed house of staring yellow brick, in the middle of a block. His wife was a great raw-boned, slatternly woman, always untidy, and always grumbling at their poverty, and because her man didn't get on, and earn more money. And then there were the children—four of them, unhealthy brats, always dirty, and usually crying noisily. It was a dingy, comfortless home. Most men would have gone and drowned their troubles at the nearest public-house, but Joey didn't, somehow. He hadn't got the spirit to drink. But he slipped away to his house whenever he could. It was the only pleasure in his life.

"And at last the house was finished, and there was a big 'To be Let or Sold' board put up outside. Joey hoped fervently that no one would take it. He wanted it always to be empty, so that he could go there whenever he pleased, and imagine it really belonged to him. It was so restful, after his dreary noisy home—and so beautiful. For Joey had the soul of an artist; he realised that this was no ordinary house—just a structure of bricks and mortar, with a roof, doors, and windows. There was something magic and fairy about the place. He loved every nook

(Continued on Page 27.)

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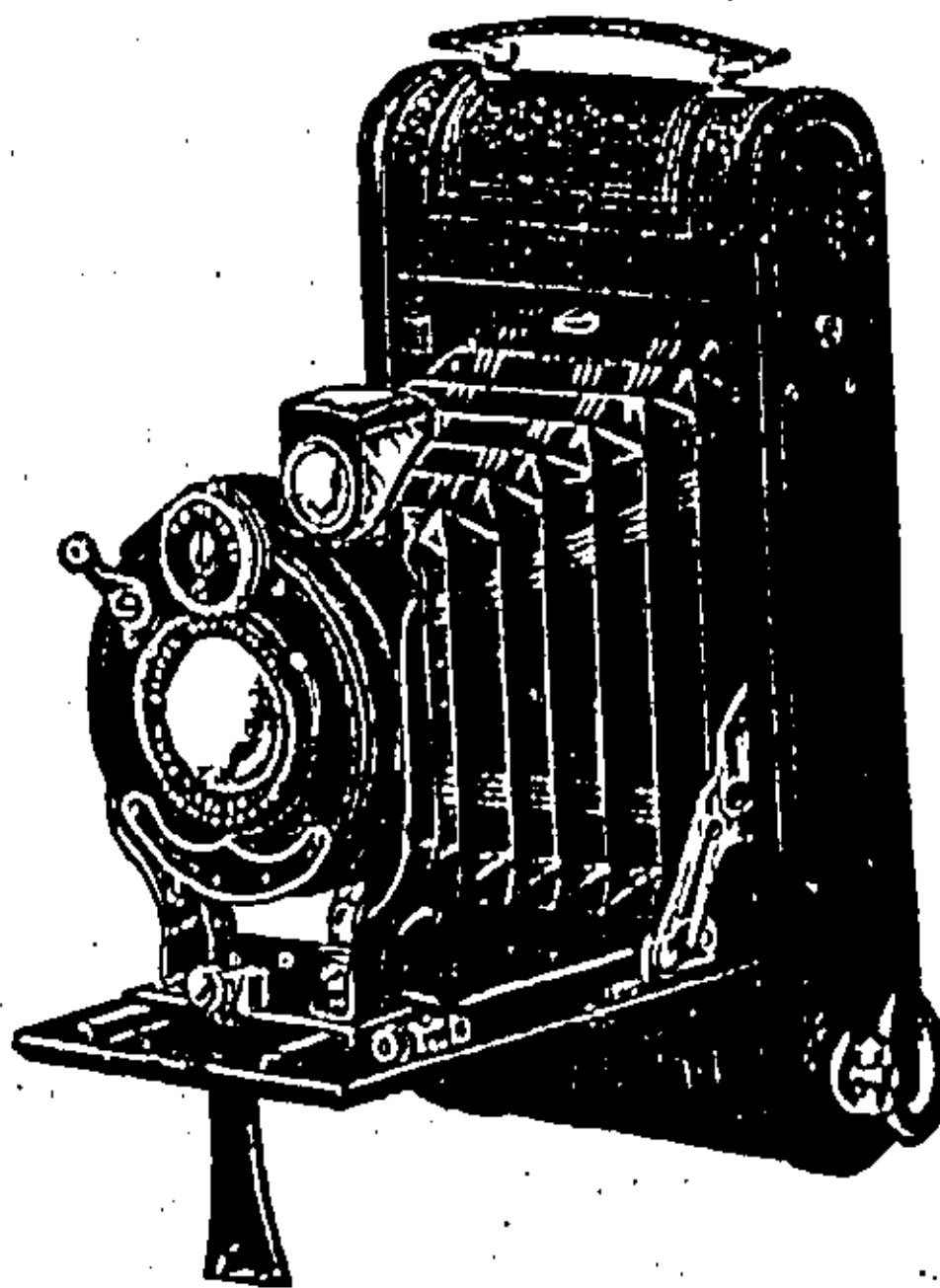
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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS AND GENERAL STORES.

"HOCK OR SHERRY?"

(Continued from Page 25.)

and corner; the deep mullioned windows, with their broad window-seats and the open fireplaces. And the octagon bedroom—how he loved that! You're sleeping there now, aren't you, Miss Spencer? Perhaps that's why he comes there so often."

Aunt Agatha shivered. A glowing coal fell in the fireplace, sending a shower of sparks flying up the chimney. The Author's pipe was out again. He laid it down, and went on:

"Joey used to dream of what he would do if the house were really his. Suppose someone left him money! He'd buy it; then it would be his for ever and ever. And wouldn't he make a lovely garden! And he'd have the gate painted white, and a grey talking parrot with a red tail. And then"—the Author paused dramatically—"then the extraordinary thing happened. Joey's elder brother, who had gone to Australia years before, died. Joey was his only living relation, and he left all his money to him, for he'd made good, had this elder brother, to the tune of £30,000.

"Joey could hardly believe it at first. It seemed incredible. But when he at last realised that it was true, and that he was a rich man, it came to him with a jerk that now he could materialise his dream. The house that he loved with all his soul could be his."

"And I suppose he came and lived here," said Delia Carey, "and was happy ever after? I don't believe that; it's too good to be true. You've made up the bit about the brother leaving him a fortune, Mr. Ferris."

"You're quite right, or rather, partly right. It was too good to be true. He never lived at Little Chantreys. You see, he dared not tell his wife. He knew she'd want a big staring house that everyone could see. Often it was on the tip of his tongue to burst out about the house; the house that he'd helped to build, and that he wanted with all his soul. But he choked it back. I told you he hadn't got much spirit, didn't I? And in a queer sort of way he was ashamed of this love of his. So his wife arranged it all—and they had that dreadful red house built, down the valley. By the way, you live there now, don't you?" said the Author pleasantly, turning to Stanton.

That usually cheerful gentleman scowled and grunted out: "Yes, I do. And I find it a very nice place."

For the second time that evening Mr. Spencer wished he hadn't asked this "writer-fellow" to spend Christmas with him. But the poor devil looked as if he had needed a few square meals. Now he must go telling stories and upsetting Aunt Agatha, and insulting his guests! Confound the man!

"Do go on!" pleaded Molly. The Author continued:

"The new house partially blocked the view from Little Chantreys. It was utterly ugly—a monstrosity, in fact. And here Joey had to live with his harried wife and his pining children. The furniture that woman bought! You know the sort of thing—you see it in every seaside lodging-house—on a vaster and more hideous scale. She even bought a grand piano, though no one in the family could play, and decorated it with little crochet mats and plush-framed photographs.

"Joey suffered. He was a shy little man—shy and intensely sensitive; and he had to live the truly terrible life of an uneducated man suddenly become rich. And, to add to his troubles, there was that vulgar, grasping, bullying wife of his.

"He could see the house he loved—snug and grey among the trees—from his bedroom window; and his hunger for it became more acute than ever. He still wandered lovingly about the place; but his dream was shattered. He could never live there now, even when it was in his power to do so. And he—he was blocking the view from his little house. This hurt him terribly. He couldn't bear the thought that he, who loved so dearly the place he had helped to build, should be living in this vile erection of glaring brick, right in the path of Little Chantreys. It was as though every time he looked at his beloved, it looked back, as if with pain, and murmured 'You! I'd never have thought this of you! I thought you loved me!'"

"But at last someone took the house. He was a florid, middle-aged bachelor, loud, over-dressed, and of sporting tastes. He entertained a good deal—noisy parties from London, who used to keep it up into the small hours. Silly tunes were brayed out and there was a good deal of rather coarse-sounding laughter. And he went to race-meetings—a lot."

The Author shot a glance at Mr. Stanton. That gentleman did not look happy. In fact, he looked thoroughly uncomfortable and annoyed. There was a faint giggle from Molly. "Shut up, you idiot!"



said Reggie. The Author shifted his position a little, and went on with the story:

"It was an awful blow to Joey. It almost broke him up, now that he couldn't go to his little house any more. He pined, and seemed to lose interest in life. Little Chantreys was his only interest in life, you see; and now every time he looked at it he imagined it was saying half-reproachfully, half-appealingly, 'Why did you let this happen? Can't you stop them using me for this sort of thing?'"

"And Joe grew to hate—Turnbull, I think his name was. To hate with a blind bitter fury, this man who had only taken the house because it was handy for Sandown Park, who cared nothing for its beauty, for its personality. And, queerly enough, his pulses began to quicken with this morbid hatred for Turnbull, which obsessed his whole being. For weeks he brooded, fanning the flames of his hatred, till it was like a great furnace within him—implacable, all-devouring.

"And then at last he decided Turnbull must die, and by his hand."

"It was on a September morning that they found them—two bodies lying in the garden. Both necks were broken, and Turnbull's head was horribly crushed where it had struck a rock.

"Joey had gone up to the house one evening, and had persuaded Turnbull to show him over. When they got into the

octagon room he had presumably flung the other out of the window, and himself after.

"How he had done it I don't know. Turnbull was a big heavy man, and Joey a little wisp of a thing. But he must have had the superhuman strength of a maniac for a moment."

"That's all."

A few seconds of tense silence. A patter of rain had started, and to the overstrung nerves of the company it seemed that they could hear the slow footsteps of little Joey, and see his shadowy insignificant figure coming up a ladder outside, carrying a hodful of bricks.

Aunt Agatha suddenly broke out in an indignant quaver: "George, I absolutely refuse to sleep in that room again. You must find me somewhere else. And tomorrow I shall leave by the first train."

Mr. Spencer reflected sadly that he had probably lost a legacy.

"But what a queer thing to hate a man because you wanted his house and to hate him so much that you had to murder him," Reggie commented.

The Author still gazed at the fire, sucking fruitlessly at his pipe.

"Hatred is a powerful emotion," he remarked, "and once it gets hold of a man it fills his whole being to the exclusion of everything else. Joey's hatred was so intense that he's handed it down as a sort of blood legacy. His descendants still hate murderously the occupants of this house. I try to fight it down, of course."

"You! What do you mean?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Little Joey Ferris was my father!"

There was a very awkward pause. Then Mrs. Spencer said: "I'm sure it's time we were all in bed. Molly, you ought to have gone long ago. Come along, everybody."

The Author stood in his room, chuckling mischievously. Keys were turning in locks all down the corridor. He could imagine the present owner of Little Chantreys spending a sleepless night clutching a poker, in anticipation of a homicidal attack from the son of little Joey. It was quite a good story, though. Rather clever of him to produce such an effect, when he had invented the whole thing on the spur of the moment. Credit was due to Aunt Agatha, however. She had given his imagination a start. He had not had an idea in his head before that.

He sat down, and took writing-pad and fountain-pen, and began to write feverishly. He finished at last, and folding his papers into a long envelope, scribbled a note to go with them to his friend, the editor of a certain magazine:

"Dear Jack,

"I think you'll like this story. If you want, it send in the guineas by return, like a good chap; then I shall be able to tip the butler.—Yours ever,

"Jimmy Ferris."

"Ock or sherry, sir?" said a bland voice at dinner two evenings later.

Jimmy Ferris looked the butler fearlessly in the eyes.

"Hock," he answered brightly.

COMBE, COMBE!

"Now is the season of indoor clothes," says Lady Moira Combe. Don't people she knows wear indoor clothes except at this season?

TAKING WAYS.

The small boy has to wait for his Christmas pudding until the old man is served; he takes after his father.

Hotel

Cecil



Christmas Eve

DINNER.

Orange Cocktail.
 Alexandra Cream Soup.
 Fish à la Hotel Cecil.
 Tournefios a la Monte Carlo.
 Cold Asparagus, Mayonnaise.
 Roast Saddle of Lamb.
 Red Currant Jelly.
 Roast Turkey & Ham.
 Boiled Potatoes.
 Roast Potatoes.
 Cauliflower.
 Plum Pudding.
 New York Sundae.
 Cheese.
 Dessert.
 Coffee or Coffee H.A.G.

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at
The Hotel Cecil

WHERE the bon-vivants and the epicures find their most enjoyable and inspiring environment . . . where good fellowship abounds and good food thrills . . . where zest and zeal for enjoyment is the keynote . . . such is the place for you and your party to welcome in the
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR
 Book Your Table Now
 \$5 per cover.
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New Year's Eve

DINNER.

Hors d'Oeuvre.
 Asparagus Cream Soup.
 Fillet of Garoupa, Condorcet.
 Lamb Chop Cutlet & Green Peas.
 Pate de Foie Gras in Aspic.
 Fillet de Boeuf Rôti
 Pommes Fondantes.
 Roast Turkey & Ham.
 Boiled Potatoes.
 Roast Potatoes.
 French Beans.
 Plum Pudding.
 Orange Jelly.
 Cheese.
 Dessert.
 Coffee or Coffee H.A.G.

THE EARL OF SANTA CLAUS.

(Continued from Page 11.)

The Earl of Shotover was rude, not to say insulting, but Bill could be rude, too, and pocketing his pride, he just let his lordship have a bit of his mind. The Earl, who had taken the precaution to sign the cheque before his present state of intoxication, only leaving Bill to fill in the amount, which he left blank, in case he might feel tempted to add another ten shillings to the two guineas agreed, told his impersonator to write in his fee and no more, and then get out of it.

Horace W. Montague Jones replied with sarcasm, "I would not dream of charging you anything . . . after your hospitality. I will just keep it as a memento . . . unless I send it as my contribution to the King's Hospital Fund." And with that the burglar swept out of the room, and asked the butler for the car which had been allotted to him for the afternoon.

The moment Santa Claus had left the Earl of Shotover alone and friendless, the peer began to think.

"What did the fellow mean with his threat and taunt?" And he rang the bell for the butler.

Five minutes later, at the office of the "Daily Guardian," the tired journalist who

was alone in the office, writing up the party at the Earl of Santa Claus, recognised his voice on the telephone.

"What, your lordship. Yes, your lordship. Thanks, your lordship. Of course, I can bring a camera; it will make a wonderful picture and I can promise you we shall use it."

Down the lift, out into Fleet-street and plump into a lucky taxi that was going across Ludgate Circus, and then post haste to the large children's hospital in the East end of London, in the very heart of the slums.

"What a scoop; the photos alone would bring in a clear fifty."

At the hospital the pressman found there was already somebody at the door, apparently waiting his arrival.

"The Earl here yet," said the journalist, handing out his collapsible camera stand, which polite attendants took from him, paying his taxi as well.

"Yes, yes; he's upstairs. He's going to make a speech and he has consented to be photographed presenting the cheque," said one official eagerly.

Never before had the journalist heard such a speech. It was the very incarnation of a Dickens's Christmas — telling how even the most hard-hearted business men mellow at the happy time and how only that day the thought of his happy guests had suggested to him the thousands of those who had no host — and that this was the object of his surprise visit to the children's hospital, and

when it was all finished he waved a cheque in the air, at which the staff clapped and cheered enthusiastically.

The smiling secretary then gave a nod in the direction of the journalist, who by this time had got everything ready for the flashlight. At the signal "Go," there was the ordinary magnesium explosion, only the smoke of which put an end to the thunder of children's cheers for "the Earl of Santa Claus," for his lordship had been photographed presenting a cheque for £25,000 to the East End hospital!

Bill the Burglar saw it in his morning paper as he propped it up before him over his humble kipper at breakfast, the day after the holiday, and Bill smiled.

The Earl of Shotover looked at it as soon as he had recovered from his Christmas debauch of whisky and cursed like the very devil!

The whole world saw the photograph and every Christian blessed the heart of the great benefactor of children who had been moved to such a fine example of Christmas charity but nobody thought of thanking "Robin Hood," as Scotland Yard or the Earl's solicitors — Horace Bill Montague Sykes — just shrugged his shoulders!

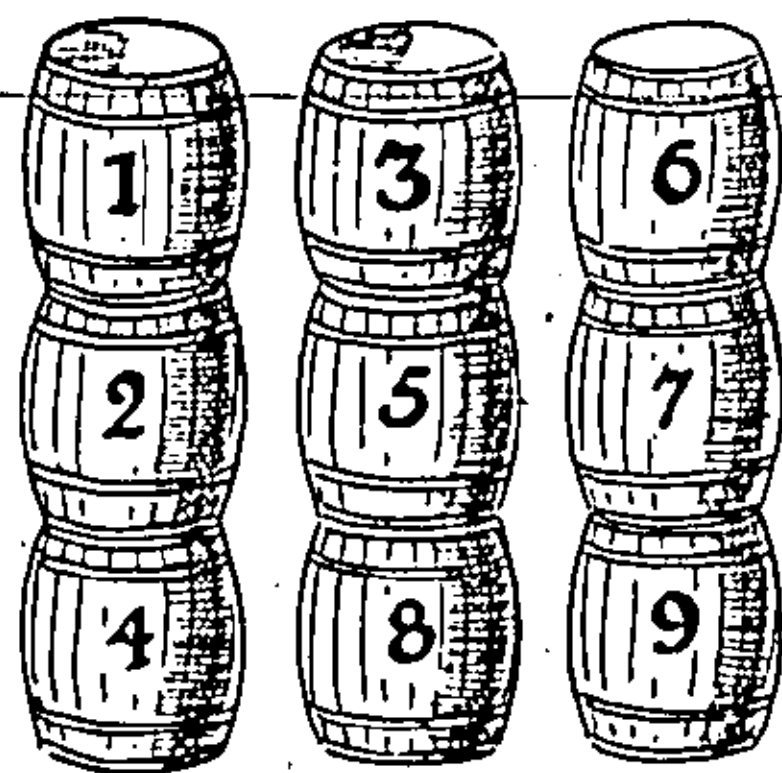
"They'd have a job to bring it home to me," he said to his good wife, with his mouth full of kipper, "and the Earl could only prove a very drunken alibi, which I guess wouldn't suit his books."

SIMPLE, BUT PUZZLING PUZZLES

Puzzles are always a welcome feature at any Christmas gathering. Below may be found some ingenious puzzles familiar to some, perhaps, but unknown to others. All are simple when you know how to solve them!

THE NINE BARRELS.

In how many different ways can you arrange the 9 barrels shown below in three tiers of three so that no barrel shall have a smaller number than its own below it or to the right of it? The simplest arrangement is 1, 2, 3 at the top, 4, 5, 6 immediately below, and 7, 8, 9 in the lowest row. Another simple arrangement is sketched here:



FIFTEEN SCHOOLGIRLS.

A schoolmistress has fifteen boarders, and they go for a walk every day, but not in

the usual "crocodile" walking in pairs, for these girls walk three abreast. The schoolmistress does not like any girl to walk with any other girl more than once a week. How are the girls arranged in threes so that this condition is fulfilled?

THE JEW AND THE DIAMONDS.

A Jew took a diamond cross to a jeweller for repairs. Fearing that the repairer might not be honest, he counted the diamonds, and found they numbered seven in three different ways. Here is the cross.



The diamonds count seven straight down and from each end of the cross-bar to the foot of the upright. The jeweller took away two diamonds, but arranged the remainder so that they still counted seven each way as before. How did he do it?

A TEST OF STRENGTH.

Hold both your hands out flat, and then hold them tip to tip. Now ask some one to try to pull them apart. You will find that you only have to exert your strength a little, and the person testing you will never get them apart! Is it not strange?

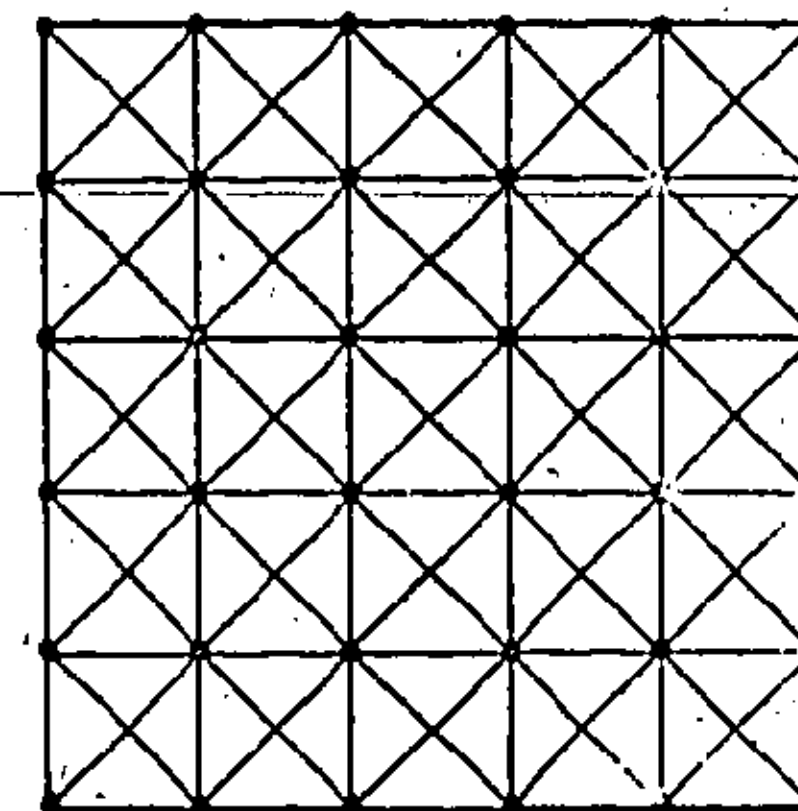
ABOUT A DAY IN FEBRUARY.

A Transposition.

The words are in their proper order, although the letters are jumbled. Can you unravel the rhyme?
If melascand yda eb airf dan gribth,
Enwrit lwil heav haretan glifth;
Fi no maledcans ayd ti eb wresho dan nari,
Threw si nego dan will tno coem gania.

THE PIN PUZZLE.

The puzzle shown below looks quite a simple little thing, but when you try you will not find it quite so innocent as it looks.



What you have to do is to stick six pins on six of the black dots in such a manner that no two pins shall be on the same line, either horizontal, vertical or diagonal.
[Solutions will be found on page 31.]

Let's Go Shopping

Don't let that "What to give problem" trouble you. Go to Watsons and they are sure to solve it for you. For "her" and the kiddies, they have delicious chocolates in dainty boxes, and for "him" cigars and cigarettes of the best makes. These are only two suggestions of "bound-to-please" gifts with which the shop is well stocked. Then, whilst you are there you can also place your orders for wines and spirits. They stock the best known and most reliable brands of these harbingers of good cheer.

Ladies who wish to be absolutely sure that this year's gift to "him" will be appreciated, cannot do better than to buy from Powell's the Mecca of things masculine. They have a complete range of men's wear in the latest modes and of undoubted good taste, including dressing gowns, ties, tie presses, key purses, to mention only a few. Everything is of undeniable quality.

With the ideal weather that we are having many would like to pass part of Christmas Day in the open, taking a spin around the Island or through the New Territories as the fancy dictates. You naturally want a good time, so to guard being trailed "miles from nowhere" and perhaps miss your Christmas dinner, play safe and make sure that your car is properly lubricated before setting out. The right lubricant for every type of car is Shell Oil, of course.

For milady, young or old, few things can be more acceptable for Christmas than a nice box of chocolates, and then the kiddies, they love them too, so that you won't be far out if you make this year's Christmas gifts "all-chocolate." The Blue Bird has a fine choice of chocolates of the best makes packed in very attractive boxes at prices to suit every purse.

Cocoa is a welcome drink at all times but it will be especially beneficial if taken on Christmas morning because it fortifies you for the full enjoyment of the pleasant but nevertheless strenuous day before you, with its round of visits, dancing, Christmas games, etc. There are few children who don't like cocoa, so make your kiddies' party a success by serving cocoa—but it must be Bournville's, nothing else is just as good.

The housewife's biggest worry this festive season is the planning of the Christmas dinner, which is the event everyone looks forward to. Let the Dairy Farm shoulder your worries by letting them supply your needs. The main item at the Christmas spread is, of course, the turkey and if yours is a Dairy Farm turkey you can rest assured that your Christmas dinner will be a success. Place your order early.

The foundation of the most popular Christmas cocktails is gin, but when you buy your gin, be sure you get the "spirit with a body" and that is, of course, Bols Silver Top Gin which has been rightly termed "the true Christmas spirit." The sole distributors of Bols Gin are Messrs. H. Ruttonjee and Son, but it is obtainable everywhere in Hong Kong and Kowloon.

The Bakilly Co., Ltd., Des Voeux Road Central, have some excellent suggestions for Christmas presents on display, serviceable goods which will be daily reminders of the giver for a long time. A few of the suggestions are exquisite perfumes, dainty handkerchiefs, stylish hats and ties, woollen and fancy socks for a lady or a man. You are bound to find "just the thing" at Bakilly's.

Make your son a Christmas present this year that will start him on a fascinating and instructive hobby. Buy him a stamp album and a bag of stamps and it will do your heart good to hear his cry of delight. It's a bet he will become a "homer" for a long time to come. Stamps will keep him out of mischief and soon you will be surprised at the improvement in geography and even history. Graca and Co., 10, Wyndham Street, have albums and stamp packages to suit all purses. For the girls they have dolls, and a fine range of other toys for the smallest kiddies.

Jane: Done your Christmas shopping yet?
May: Yes, I have got everything.
Jane: You have not got everything if you did not get Klim.
May: What is that?
Jane: Spell it backward and you will know what it means—milk. It comes in powder form and a little water does the trick. It has all the properties of pure, fresh cow's milk and is delicious for cooking as well as drinking.
May: Thanks for the tip, I shall get a tin right away.

Let's Go Shopping

Those in search of Christmas gifts, Messrs. Lane, Crawford, Ltd., offer a splendid variety that should suit all tastes and purses. Throughout the many departments, the question of Gift choosing is made easier on inspection.

As in former years the Colonial Dispensary have prepared for the Christmas trade by importing carefully selected articles which appeal to every taste. The latest and best in French perfumes, tasteful toilet requisites, and the choicest British chocolates, all fresh stocks recently unpacked.

Assorted hampers, suitable for the Christmas and New Year seasons, may be obtained from Messrs. Gande, Price and Company, Ltd., which is situated in Ice House Street, next door to the O.S.K. offices.

"A gift that will delight a woman's heart" — perfumes. These are obtainable at The Pharmacy (Fletcher and Company, Limited) at Asiatic Building, Queen's Road Central, and are by the well-known makers — Caron, D'Orsay, Guerlain, Houbigant, Coty, Roger and Gallet, and numerous others.

No household is complete without an all-steel refrigerator, and this is especially felt in the festive season, when all good things are eaten. But they must be kept fresh, and a refrigerator is just the thing. This can be obtained at the Hong Kong General Electric Company, and each one is built like a safe and hermetically sealed. The refrigerators are on view at the General Electric, Wm. C. Jack & Co., Ltd., and Andersen, Meyer & Co., Ltd.

Let "Eve," the Mecca of things feminine, in Kayamally Building, solve your problem as to what to give "her" and the children this Christmas. They have many suggestions all very appealing and reasonably priced, and included in their stock are some unique novelties.

After the rounds of Christmas parties give your kiddies Phosferine Health Salts (Effervescent Fruit Saline), the gentle tonic laxative which tones as it cleanses—and you will be wise if you take some yourself, too. Obtainable everywhere, W. R. Loxley & Co., are local agents.

Why not order a new silk dress for a Christmas gift? The New Silk Bazaar (K. K. Mahtani & Co.), can do this in 24 hours, and your gift will be a welcome one.

If you are looking for a gift which will give continued pleasure to the recipient you cannot do better than to buy "him" or "her" a Roth camera this Christmas.

Christmas parties cannot be complete without the Christmas pudding. If you want the real thing for your party you will be well advised to order your pudding from the Princes Cafe.

To ensure the success of your parties during the festive season, you will need the best of champagnes, and that is Heidsieck Monopole. It is supplied in two distinctive forms—Gold Top (extra dry) and Red Top (slightly sweeter), and you would do well to get both, because the Red Top is specially suited for the ladies.

A rare collection of becoming hats and charming silk dresses—all exquisite Christmas presents—are in view at the Felix Hat Shop, York Building.

Buy "him" a new suit this Christmas. Let Wing Hing Co., 64, Queen's Road Central, show you their big stock of suitings.

A special selection of handbags, suitable for the festive season, can be seen at the Elite Styles, A.P.C. Building. There are also other novelties suitable for men and women.

To those who are fond of sport and the outdoors only one word of advice is necessary in regard to Christmas shopping—visit the Hong Kong Sporting Arms and Ammunition Store, Beaconsfield Arcade.

Kowloon residents will find a fine range of Christmas goods at Swatow Weng Lee Co., 52, Nathan Road.

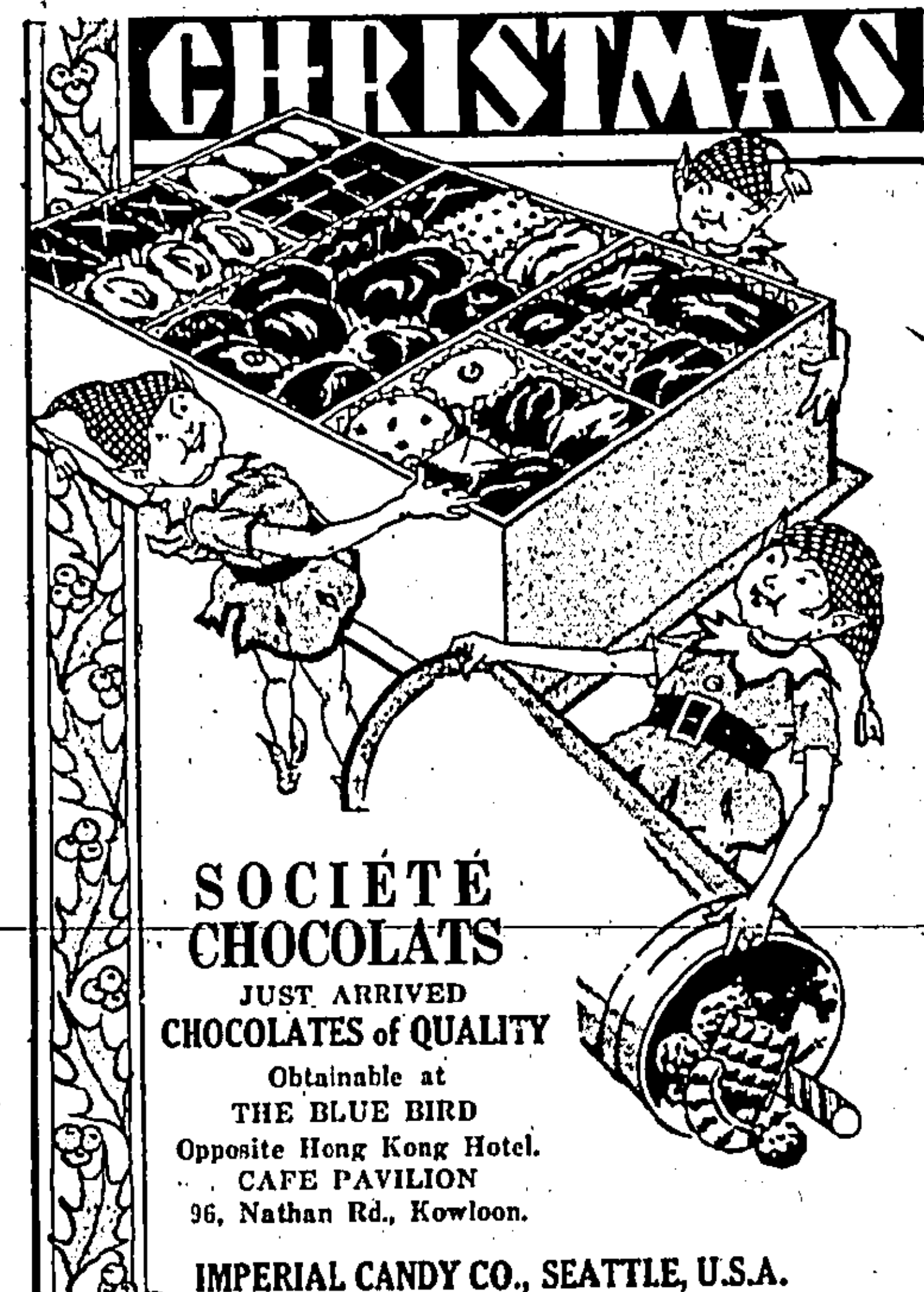
"Fashion right" in hosiery—that's an ideal gift for your wife, sweetheart, or girl friend. All the best-known makes are stocked by the Queen's Hosiery Store.

Suitable for the home, office, store, factory, club, etc., etc., is Telechron (The Electric Timekeeper) which can be obtained from the Hong Kong Electric Company. A timely gift, no doubt, to see 1931 in with!

You can make your Christmas present hunt really pleasurable if you hunt in the right place—at D. Chellaram's in Pedder Street, opposite the Hong Kong Hotel. Here they have dainty gifts that go to every woman's heart, and at the same time they offer you an opportunity of saving money.

You want gifts that evidence discriminate choosing? Then you cannot do better than do your shopping at the Jade Tree Inc., Peninsula Hotel Arcade. Some of their gift suggestions are Jade, vases, lingerie, fur coats, cloisonne, smoking sets, desk sets, etc.—gifts that are personal, and gifts that beautify the home.

Give your kiddies a treat. Take them to Sincere's Toyland, and let them choose the things they wish Santa Claus to send them. It would do their little hearts good to see the lovely things in Toyland. Dolls are especially prominent in the display, dressed in various styles and prices to suit every purse. And best news of all for the kiddies, Santa Claus is expected at Sincere's Toyland on December 20 with his lucky bags to surprise everybody!



CHRISTMAS

SOCIÉTÉ CHOCOLATS
JUST ARRIVED
CHOCOLATES OF QUALITY
Obtainable at
THE BLUE BIRD
Opposite Hong Kong Hotel.
CAFE PAVILION
96, Nathan Rd., Kowloon.

IMPERIAL CANDY CO., SEATTLE, U.S.A.

Sole Agents—

Export Sales Corporation
Alexander Bldg., 4th Fl.

Serve Libby's pure, rich, full cream milk with the coffee at your Christmas dinner. It is the cream which goes best with coffee and greatly improves the flavour. Use it also in the cooking; it is delicious.

Why be embarrassed with a bewildering array of articles from which to choose your Christmas presents. Try jewellery! Visit Sheriff and Deen, Wing Lok Building, Nathan Road, and your present-buying problem will be instantly solved.

Have you thought about giving books this Christmas? They are the gifts of permanent pleasure if carefully chosen. The Excelsior Co. have a delightful selection of books which will appeal to all readers—young or old. They also have a fine display of Christmas Cards, calendars and diaries.

Whether you live in Hong Kong or Kowloon you can let the Hong Kong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., supply the "toothsomes" for your parties, by placing your order with Mac's Cafeteria or the Peninsula Hotel Cafeteria. The Company's expert Swiss and French pastry cooks and confectioners are preparing a varied assortment of festive season specialties.

Don't let a toothache or a cold spoil your Christmas. Be prepared against these "kill-joys" by keeping in your medicine chest Bayer's Aspirin and Guaiacose, the rapid and reliable medicines which dispel pains and kill germs in a jiffy. The China Export, Import and Bank Co., Ltd., are sole agents for all products bearing the "Bayer Cross" mark. They are obtainable everywhere in town, but when buying make sure you get the right thing as nothing is "just as good."

OUR CHRISTMAS SALE!

NOW ON

GIFTS FOR LADIES:—

Houri Coats, Shawls, Pyjama
Suits, Bridge Coats, Lingerie,
Stockings, etc., etc.

GIFTS FOR GENTLEMEN:—

Silk Shirts, Pyjamas, Socks, etc.

ORDER A NEW SILK DRESS.

LADIES' DRESSES MADE IN 24 HOURS.

THE NEW SILK BAZAAR

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SUSTAINING

INVIGORATING



BOURNVILLE COCOA

Sole Agents:—

JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO.

King's Building.

Connaught Road C.

SOLUTIONS.

To Puzzles on page 29.

Fifteen Schoolgirls.

The girls must be grouped as follows for the seven days:—

1st Day.

15, 1, 2; 11, 10, 4; 7, 4, 12; 13, 8, 6;
3, 5, 9.

2nd Day.

15, 3, 4; 13, 12, 2; 9, 6, 14; 1, 10, 8;
5, 7, 11.

3rd Day.

15, 5, 6; 1, 14, 4; 11, 8, 2; 3, 12, 10;
7, 9, 13.

4th Day.

15, 7, 8; 3, 2, 6; 13, 10, 4; 5, 14, 12;
9, 11, 1.

5th Day.

15, 9, 10; 5, 4, 8; 1, 12, 6; 7, 2, 14;
11, 13, 3.

6th Day.

15, 11, 12; 7, 6, 10; 3, 14, 8; 9, 4, 2;
13, 1, 5.

7th Day.

15, 13, 14; 9, 8, 12; 5, 2, 10; 11, 6, 4;
1, 3, 7.

The Nine Barrels Puzzle.

There are forty-two ways in which the barrels can be arranged while conforming to the rule given. The barrels 1 and 9 should not be moved. Place 2 under 1. If 3 is placed beneath 2 five arrangements are possible. If 3 is placed to the right of 1 there are five arrangements with 4 under 2, five with 5 under the 2, four with

6 under 2, two with 7 under 2. If the 2 is placed to the right of 1, instead of under it, it is possible to get twenty-one reversed and reflected arrangements, thus making a total of forty-two. One of the numbers 4, 5, or 6 must be in the centre.

Jew and Diamonds Puzzle.

The jeweller arranged the diamonds as below so that they still counted seven straight down and from each end of the crossbar to the end of the upright.



The Pin Puzzle.

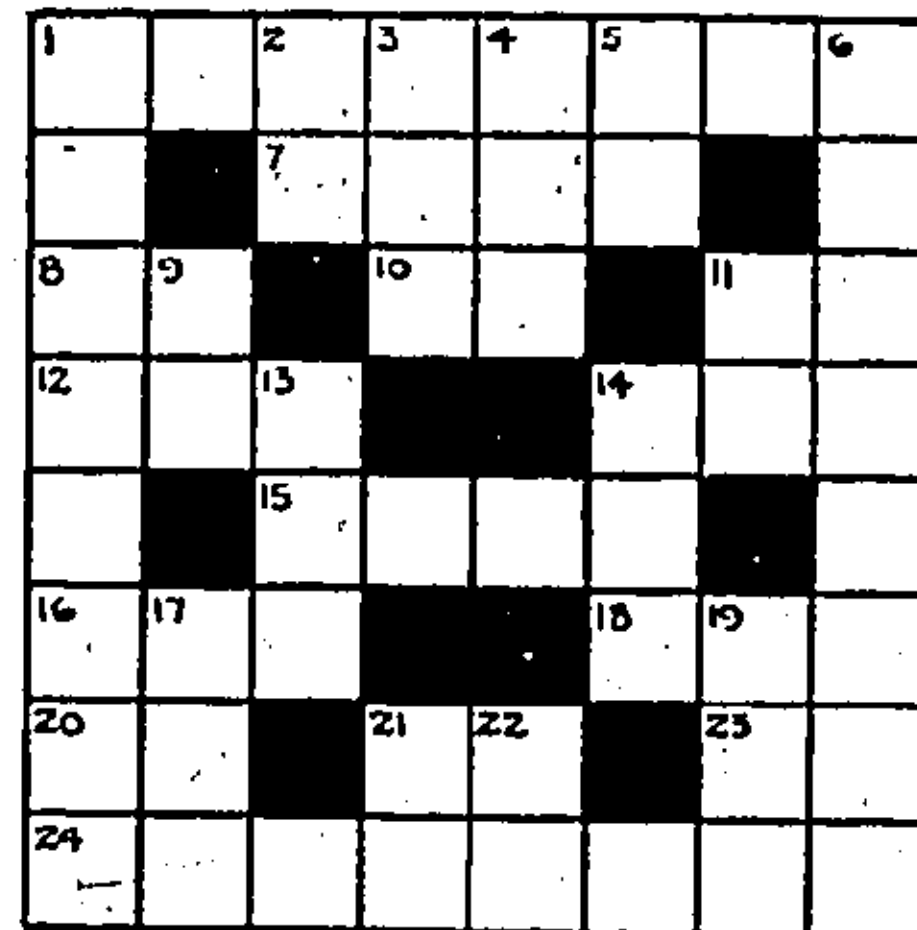
Place the pins on the following dots and lines, reckoning from the top and from left to right:—Put a pin on the 3rd dot, line 1; the 6th dot, line 2; the 2nd dot, line 3; the 5th dot, line 4; the 1st dot, line 5; and the 4th dot of line 6.

About a Day in February.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

TINK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

For this Christmas number we have drawn a letter and a figure. Even the tiniest of the Tines will be able to work out in their own minds which very ordinary English word is represented. It is hidden in the puzzle.



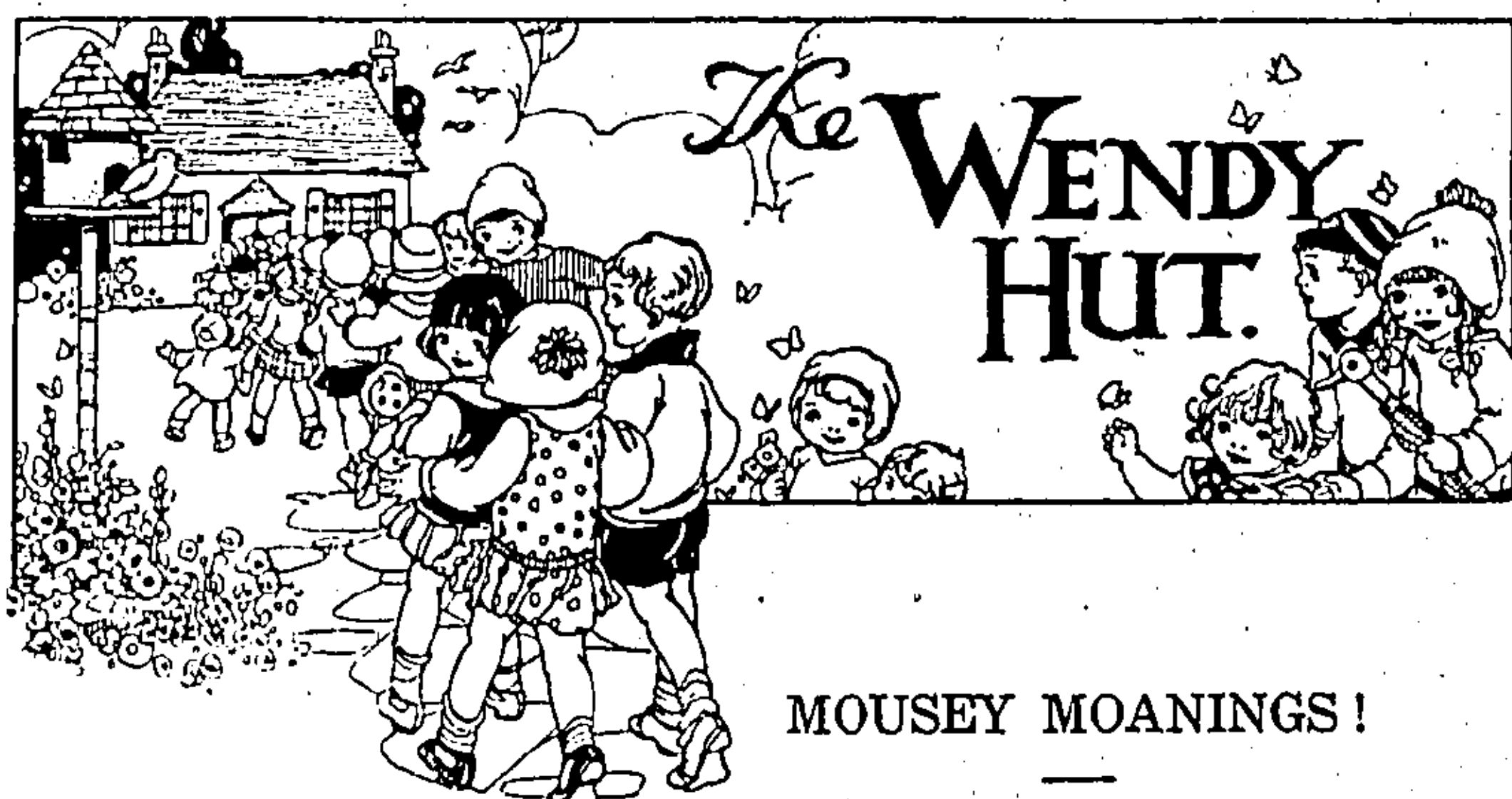
G 1

What English word does this suggest?

Clues:—

- Across.
- Kind and courteous.
 - Ripped.
 - Preposition.
 - To live.
 - Royal monogram.
 - Part of the foot.
 - Pronoun.
 - Hidden word.
 - Toll wearily.
 - Shake (dig's tail).
 - To a higher position.
 - Therefore.
 - French for "he."
 - Refreshing drink.

- Down.
- Thankful.
 - Preposition.
 - Short, sturdy horse.
 - Anger.
 - Upon.
 - Strive.
 - As far as.
 - Depart.
 - You have it boiled for breakfast.
 - Tree.
 - Monkey.
 - Help.
 - Same as 21 across.
 - Same as 5 down.



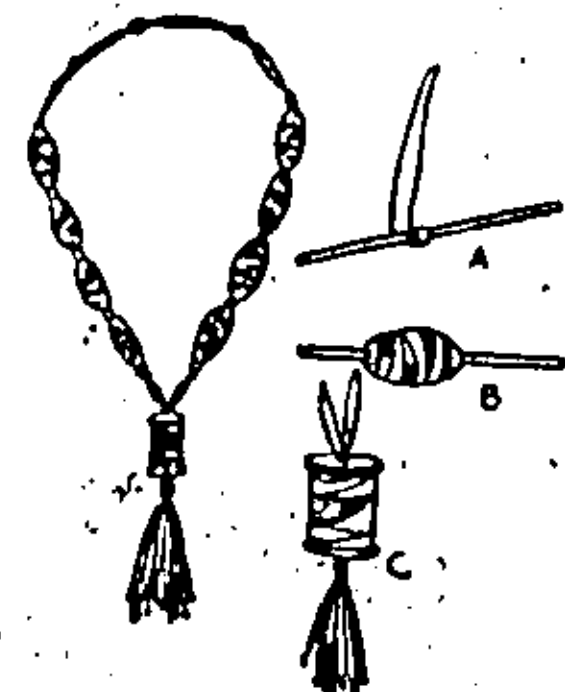
MOUSEY MOANINGS!

WENDY'S LITTLE DRESSMAKERS
SOMETHING QUITE NEW.

Beads Made from Paper!

Have you ever tried to make beads out of paper? It is great fun, and quite easy, once you know how! Brightly coloured papers are the best to use, but brown or white will do, as you can paint the beads when they are finished. If you can get hold of a newspaper poster—the kind that has big red and black letters on a white ground—this will make very attractive red, white and black beads.

Cut the paper into strips, as long as you like and about an inch wide, tapering to a quarter of an inch at each end. Diagram X gives you the idea. Now take a steel knitting-needle in your left hand, and with your right hand wind the paper strip round and round the needle, beginning as shown in Diagram A, and continuing until the bead is formed. See Diagram B. By rolling the paper thicker in the middle, or at one end, you can vary the shape of the



Paper beads threaded to form a pretty necklace; and some diagrams which will help you to understand Dressmaker's instructions for making the beads.

bead. Paste down the end of the paper when you have finished the strip, and roll on a fresh strip if the bead isn't big enough. When you have tried a few times, you'll be able to get all the beads about the same size. Let the paste dry, slip the bead off the needle, and start the next one.

If the beads are made from coloured papers, they will perhaps be ready for threading just as they are; but if you want to make them brighter, push them back on to the needle, and dab them here and there with vivid paints. You can varnish them afterwards if you like.

The little sketch shows a pretty way of stringing the finished beads: thread them on a narrow cord, four each side, putting small wooden beads in between, and knot similar wooden beads at intervals along the rest of the cord. A small cotton-reel, covered with paper to match the beads — Diagram C — can be made into an effective tassel to complete the necklet.

Wendy's Dressmaker.

Life is so complicated,
If you've been born a Mouse;
It's really very difficult
To find a comfy house,
As Mr. Mouseykin complained
To Mrs. M. his spouse!

As soon as you have got a place,
And start to settle in,
Before you've had a breathing space
The troubles all begin.
"If this goes on much longer, dear,"
Says Mousey, "I'll get thin!"

For first there's usually a CAT
To hunt you, day and night;
And folk set TRAPS — the heartless
things,
It's not a bit polite!
Why can't Cooks let you eat their
cheese?
You only want a bite!

And that is why poor Mouseykins
Are ever on the go.
They hope to find a sheltered spot
To make a home you know.
It somehow seems a shame that they
Are always bothered so!



And that is why poor Mouseykins are ever on the go; they hope to find a sheltered spot to make a home you know!"



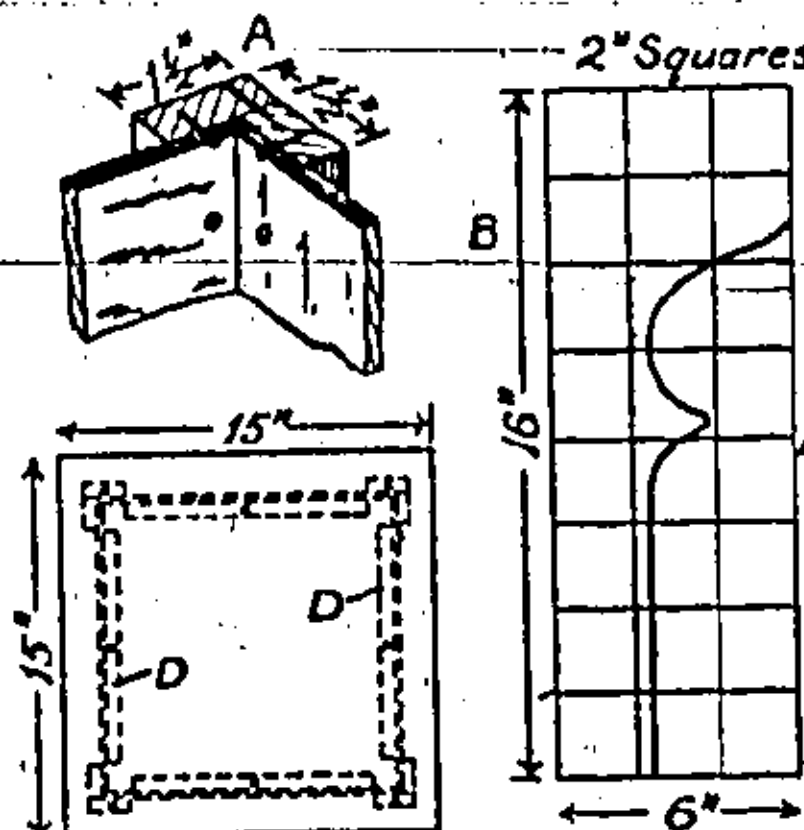
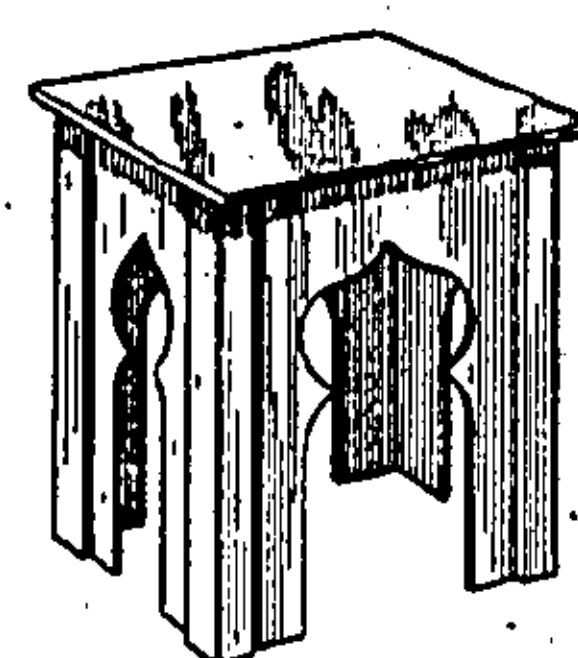
Here is a pretty little picture which you can colour with your paints or crayons. See how attractive you can make it!

THE BILLY BOYS' WORKSHOP.

A SMOKER'S TABLE.

To Give to Father.

Plywood is chiefly used in the construction of this useful little table which is kept as simple as possible so that young carpenters will have little difficulty in following instructions.



The Smoker's table — a fine present for Father. The diagrams will help you to make it.

Each leg is sixteen inches long and is made with two strips of half-inch wood, one piece being one and a half inches wide and the other one inch wide. Screw the wide piece to the edge of the narrow piece, as shown at A, setting the screws about three inches apart and deeply countersinking the holes.

For the sides of the table you will require four pieces of three-ply wood, sixteen inches long and twelve inches wide. Mark out one piece with two inch squares—as in diagram B, which shows half of one side. With your pencil carefully mark the curved shape, and then repeat this on the other side of the centre line C. The best way to do this is to copy the outline on a piece of tracing paper, which can then be reversed for marking the curve on the other half of the plywood. Cut the part out with a fretsaw and smooth the edges with glasspaper.

Having finished one side, place it on each of the other pieces in turn, mark out the curved shape, and cut out and smooth the edges as before.

Glue and screw the sides and legs together, as shown in diagram A, the edge of one side overlapping that of the other side. Place the screws about two inches apart, and see that the points do not go right through the sides of the legs. Along the top edge of each side glue and nail a ten-inch length of half-inch by three-quarter-inch wood, as shown at D.D.

For the table top use a piece of four-ply wood, fifteen inches square. Round off the edges, and after smoothing with glasspaper, glue and screw the top in place. Use eight screws, one in the middle of each piece D, and one driven into each leg. The position of these screws is indicated in the diagram. Fill up all the screw holes, chisel the filling off flush, rub the table all over with fine glasspaper, and finish with two coats of dark oak varnish stain.

The Hut Carpenter.

THE
HOUSE BY THE
SIDE OF THE
ROAD

*LET me live in a house by the
side of the road—where the
race of men go by—the men who
are good—and the men who are
bad—as good and as bad as I—I
would not sit in the scorner's
seat — or hurl the cynic's
ban — let me live in a
house by the side of
the road—and be a
friend to
man*

Sain Walter Fox.

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(The Hong Kong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd.)

The China Mail

ESTABLISHED 1845

TO-DAY'S DOLLAR. — The closing rate of the dollar on demand, to-day was 1/1 1/4.

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LOCAL BRANCH. Pedder Bldg.

No. 27,673 HONG KONG, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1930. PRICE \$3.00 Per Month.

SHOP-LIFTING CHARGE.

Defendant's Story
"An Invention."
"FOLLOWED A FRIEND."

Wong Kian, a Chinese married Street, was this morning convicted on a charge of shop-lifting from the premises of Messrs. Vassiamull Assomull, 46, Queen's Road, Central, on Monday afternoon.

The charge was of larceny of 13 yards of satin, valued for sale at about \$39.

His Worship, Mr. E. H. Williams, after hearing the case at some length, expressed himself satisfied as to the woman's guilt. He characterised the story in her defence as an invention. He was prepared, however, to give the option of a fine. Defendant would be accordingly fined \$200 or two months' prison in the alternative.

Inspector Shaftain appeared for the Police, and Mr. P. Lockmull represented complainants. Mr. F. C. E. Rendall was for the defence.

Manager's Suspicion.

In opening, Inspector Shaftain said that about 2.30 on the afternoon in question, defendant was stated to have gone into the shop, and asked to examine the goods. Mr. Lockmull, who was standing at the entrance, had his suspicions aroused by the manner in which she carried out two parcels. He had previously noticed that she had not made a purchase.

He did not stop her at once as she went out, but he followed her across Queen's Road, into a side street—a distance of about thirty yards, where he stopped her, and asked her in Chinese what she had. Defendant offered back a piece of satin, which he recognised as being his firm's property. He took her back to the shop, and later had her arrested.

Not Examining Material!

Complainant gave corroborative evidence, adding that the woman carried the satin, which was folded, underneath two parcels, and next to her jacket. The woman said something to him in Chinese after he accused her which he could not follow.

Witness refuted a suggestion by Mr. Rendall that the woman merely took the satin out to examine it by daylight. "She walked straight on," he said, "and after offering it back when I caught her up, she tried to run away." Further, the woman gave no appearance of looking for something.

An Indian Crown-sergeant gave evidence of arrest. He added that defendant did not tell him that she wanted to buy the piece of satin.

Attention Distracted.

Mr. Rendall said the defence would be that accused was a woman of certain means. She went into the shop in order to buy materials, and obtained permission from the salesman to take it outside the shop for examination. Suddenly she saw a woman in the street who owed her more than \$1,000, but of whom she had lost track.

Her attention was distracted, and she followed the other woman with the stuff in her hand. A motor bus passed, and she lost sight of her quarry. She was just about to return when first witness laid hold of her, and accused her of theft. She at once offered to pay for the satin, but was forced to return, and was later arrested.

Confused Story.

Accused gave evidence of possessing certain means, and went on to amplify the defence at considerable length. In fact, she stated, she told first witness that she had left two parcels in the shop. She told both he and the policeman that she was prepared to pay for the satin. These parcels were given back to her by first witness upon their return to the shop.

The woman further alleged that she was refused permission to go to the Police Station by chair, although she was "anxious to be seen under arrest." When she was searched at the station, she had \$100 and some small money in her possession. Her daughter got the money for her bail from the safe at her home.

SITUATION STILL GRAVE IN INDIA.

Effect of Success of Round Table Parley.
VIGILANCE NEEDED.

London, Yesterday.

"While the success of the Round Table Conference may greatly improve the situation in India and, it is hoped, may end unconstitutional methods of agitation, any other outcome may involve the establishment of conditions giving cause for grave anxiety," says the Government of India's appreciation of the situation up to December 13.

While the situation generally has gradually improved, unfavourable reports have been received from several quarters. Congress is organising a considerable no tax campaign in the United Provinces.

There has been an intensive revival of picketing in some areas of Biharorissa. Constant vigilance is still needed to prevent a dangerous revival of civil disobedience.

Referring to the murder of Col. Simpson in Calcutta, the appreciation emphasises that the violence-movement demands constant attention.—Reuter.

NATIVE RIOT IN DURBAN.

Police Charge Mob with Knobkerries.

WILD CONFUSION.

Durban, Yesterday.

One native was killed and 16 taken to hospital as the result of a serious riot following a procession of natives to celebrate Dingnan's Day. The Police ordered the procession to disperse and the natives replied by stoning the Police and Europeans.

Finally a strong force of heavily armed native police carrying knobkerries charged and routed the procession, amid wild confusion. Several of the injured were seriously injured.

It is understood that one was wounded by a bullet fired by a European civilian.—Reuter.

SPAIN "ALL QUIET."

RETURN TO NORMAL CONDITIONS.

Madrid, Yesterday.

The Minister of the Interior states that although the majority of workmen in Barcelona are striking, the City is completely calm. A group of railwaymen in Malaga who struck on Monday, have returned to work.

The rest of Spain has returned to normal conditions.—Reuter.

Helped by Briton.

Lisbon, Yesterday.

General Dallano has arrived here. To Reuter's correspondent he sang praises of a British girl. He said the aeroplane in which he was a fugitive landed heavily in a field near Montijo, and a young British woman appeared and took the famished outlaw to her house. "She gave us a good feed." Later, they entered for Lisbon.

Dallano blamed Colonel Galan (who was executed) for launching the revolt prematurely, and also resented the army's part in quelling the revolt. "The army's role is to remain in barracks," he said, and pointed out naively, "It is for the defence of the country, not a tool of the Government."

Major Franco told Reuter's correspondent, smilingly, that he declined to disclose how he escaped from prison at Madrid, or where he had been hiding before the revolt. He said the rebels wanted to "establish liberty."

A frequent customer at the shop. The woman she encountered outside whilst looking at the satin owed her \$1,000. She forgot all about the material for the time being, her excited condition being responsible.

His Worship stated that he had decided to convict the sentence being an error.

GENERALS DECLARE LOYALTY.

Financial Crisis in Shansi.
URGENT RELIEF.

Tientsin, Monday.

Following the conference between the Shansi Generals Shang Chen and Hsu Yung-chang and the Mukden General Chang Hsueh-liang, the Shansi generals headed by General Hsu Yung-chang have released a circular telegram, pledging their loyalty to the Central Government. It is further stated in the telegram regarding the financial crisis in the north-western provinces; while monthly paying \$7,200,000 Shansi bank notes, equivalent to \$4,000,000 National currency, for military expenses, the receipts are but \$1,000,000 monthly. In conclusion, the Shansi generals requested the Central Government to devise measures for the urgent relief of the critical situation.

Four Questions.

The important questions brought up by the Shansi generals before General Chang Hsueh-liang for discussion were as follows:—

1.—The dispositions of—over 90,000 grey troops who are now stationed in Shansi;

2.—The maintenance of the Shansi military expenses which require four million dollars a month against the receipts of only one million dollars;

3.—The maintenance of Shansi bank notes which have been circulated in the market to the amount of over \$50,000,000;

4.—The disposal of Shih Yu-san's troops who are now occupying three Shansi districts.

With the approval of the Central Government, the Shansi troops will be reorganized into eight divisions, with Generals Li Fu-ying, Li Seng-tai, Feng Peng-tze, Wang Ching-kuo, Chang Hui-chao, Cho Chichun and Chen Shao-kuan as their divisional commanders; the rest are to be disbanded.

Kuominchun Silent.

Consequent on the disappearance of Feng Yu-hsiang, the Kuominchun remnants left in southern Shansi remain silent. As a result of the discussion between the Shansi and Mukden generals, it was decided frankly to advise the Kuominchun to obey the order of reorganization, and to take drastic steps against them if they fail to comply.

The surrendered Kuominchun General Sun Lien-chung, having acted under instructions in concentrating his troops in the western part of Shantung, left Tientsin for Tainan last week end in order to interview Chairman Han Fuchu of Shantung. Interviewed upon arrival, General Sun told Press men that the Kuominchun under his command were 47,000 in number, of which 10,000 being unarmed would be disbanded shortly. The General further confirmed the report that Feng Yu-hsiang would go abroad very soon, leaving some 30,000 Kuominchun troops in southern Shansi, to be controlled by Sung Chih-yuan, who has submitted his surrender to the Central Government and will be appointed C-in-C. of the 27th Route Army.—Canton News Agency.

FINE LATER.

To-day's report, from the Royal Observatory, states:—The anti-cyclone has weakened and is now central over S.W. Japan.

Moderate monsoon prevails along the S.E. coast of China and over the N. China Sea. Local forecast:—N.E. winds, moderate; overcast at first; fine later.

Rainfall.

Rainfall to 10 a.m. to-day nil. Rainfall since January 1, 1930, 95.59 inches against an average of 82.58.

Temperature.

The temperature at certain specified centres this morning at 8 o'clock was:—

Hong Kong	85
Macao	83
Pratas Island	72
Manila	74
Poohow	63
Amoy	53
Singapore	60
Cebu	58
Shanghai	49

PRISONER DIES IN VICTORIA JAIL.

Invalid Who Was Very Hard to Please.
DOCTOR'S EVIDENCE.

An enquiry into the death of Prisoner 750: Lau Fagallias Lau Kiu, who died at 1.15 p.m. yesterday in the Victoria Gaol Hospital, was conducted by Mr. E. H. Williams (as Coroner) at the Central Magistrate's court, with a jury, composed of Messrs. J. W. Alabaster (foreman), T. R. MacDonald, and C. Whitehead.

It was stated that the prisoner was sentenced to seven years' hard labour on April 19, 1926, on a charge of having forcibly taken away a person with intent to

"GENERAL STRIKE."

Firm Steps Taken by Police Authorities.

A general strike among 300 prisoners is now prevailing at the Victoria Gaol, it being learned this morning that the convicts, shouted and sang practically all last night, in the hope of getting the crowds outside the prison walls to hear about their grievances.

We further understand that the convicts have been confined to a certain area, in the main hope of preventing any likely attack or mutiny. Certain demands made by the convicts have been met with, but they are still murmuring discontentment over their food.

Strict order is being kept by the warders.

secure a ransom for a consideration. He was 30 years old, and a native of Leung Po-tau, New Territories.

"Full Stomach."

Dr. J. V. A. Griffiths said that prisoner 750 had been in hospital since September 3, 1929, after he had been complaining in March about "a fullness in the stomach." On May 3, last year he was examined and was found to have a greatly enlarged spleen, with liver just palpable at the margin. He also had a slight oedema of the shins, and a fluid that poured into his abdominal cavity. Draining operations were done on September 5, 9, 14 and 18, the quantity varying from 5½ to 20 pints. From September 3, he could do no work, and the draining operations had to be continued until he died. At one time, said the medical officer, the prisoner was given anti-malarial treatment, owing to enlargement of the spleen.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

With to-day's issue we present free to each of our readers our annual Christmas Supplement, a publication that is growing rapidly in popularity yearly.

This year's Supplement is brimful of Christmas articles, stories, anecdotes, games, puzzles, and recipes, besides a Shopping Guide for Christmas that ought to prove of immense service to all confronted with the annual problem of what to buy and where to buy Christmas gifts.

Make sure that your issue of the China Mail to-day contains a copy of our Christmas Supplement!

On December 14, he became very unreasonable, refusing anything until he finally accepted yesterday. At the post-mortem examination, it was found that his spleen was enlarged, and showed signs of chronic malaria. There was a chills (hardening) of the liver, and a general peritonitis of the heart which had degenerated very much. The lungs were in a pneumonia state.

The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

HOME COAL EXPORTS TOO LOW.

No Orders Follow Visit of Delegation.
PRICE TOO DEAR?

London, Yesterday.

In the House of Commons today, asked whether there had been any orders for British coal as a result of the visit of the British delegation to Scandinavia, Mr. F. Shinwell said that the object of the delegation was not to get orders, but to study the position of British coal export markets and consider the steps to improve it. Some of the delegation's recommendations were of a far-reaching character and were now engaging the serious attention of coal owners and coal exporters, with whom Mr. Shinwell said he was in close touch.

Mr. Shinwell denied that the price of British coal was the chief difficulty and told Mr. A. M. Samuel that he was well aware that not a single order had been traced as a result of the visit. Mr. Shinwell told a Labour questioner that he had no intention of interfering with the Coal Mines 1926 Act as regards miners' hours.

Replying to Conservative questioners, Mr. Shinwell said that the Central Council of the National Coal Marketing Scheme had decided that there would be a smaller output of coal for the first quarter of 1931 than the corresponding quarter of 1930, and pointed out that the latter output was heavy, since there had been a heavy fall in demand. He added that the reduction would be about 10 per cent.—Reuter.

PORTUGUESE IN TROUBLE.

A case was mentioned before Mr. H. R. Butters in the Kowloon Court this morning, in which two Portuguese, T. H. da Silva and Daniel da Silva, were summoned by a Portuguese woman, Mrs. Maria G. d'Azevedo, for alleged assault and disorderly conduct, with intent to cause a breach of the peace, in Jordan Road on December 9.

The case was remanded for a week on the application of Messrs. Lo & Lo.

MISSION SUMMONED.

A summons for failing to abate a certain nuisance at the rear of 319, Hennessey Road was mentioned against the General Procurator of the Mission Etrangere, at the Central Magistrate's court this morning before Mr. R. E. Lindsell. Mr. H. J. Armstrong appeared for the defence, and the case was adjourned for a week.

The complainants are the Sanitary Department.

CHINA INDEMNITY.

London, Yesterday.

The text has been issued of the China Indemnity (Application) Bill, which allocates:—To Hong Kong University, for education of Chinese students, £285,000.

To the Universities China Committee in London, £200,000.—Reuter.

AUSTRALIAN LOAN.

Melbourne, Yesterday.

The Acting Prime Minister, Mr. Fenton, announces that the £28,000,000 conversion loan is a complete success. The list will close a day or two hence.—Reuter.

INDUSTRIAL ILLS OF BRITAIN.

Unemployment Not A Temporary Malady.
OUR LOST MARKETS.

London, Yesterday.

INDUSTRIAL ILLS OF BRITAIN.

Unemployment Not A Temporary Malady.
OUR LOST MARKETS.

Four Conservatives, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. John Buchan, Major Walter Elliot and Major Oliver Stanley (a Round Table delegate), have issued a manifesto emphasising that unemployment is not an acute temporary malady, and a remedy must be found for the refusal to expand costly social services, while the costs of administration must be drastically investigated and an effort made to conserve National assets by more scientific methods of production and reasonable protection.

Our lost Overseas markets must be regained, partly by bargaining and partly by Imperial reorganisation. The cardinal fact is that a sacrifice of labour is required from every class.

The manifesto concludes with the warning that democracy itself is threatened, pointing out the various countries in Europe which have already renounced a representative Government as inconsistent with efficiency.—Reuter.

MARGIN TRADING ON EXCHANGE.

CONDITIONS IN U.S. DUE TO BROKERS?

FRENCH BANKERS CHARGED.

Washington, Yesterday.

Senator Heflin (Alabama) proposed a motion in Congress today, urging the prohibition of margin trading on New York Stock Exchange, on the ground that the conditions of the Exchange were due to the activities of manipulators.

More Banks Close.

New York, Yesterday.

Fifteen more banks in various parts of the country have closed eight of which are in North Carolina town, Franklin, and Gaston County. North Carolina has now no financial institution open.—Reuter's American Service.

Paris, Yesterday.

The Minister of Justice states that charges are at present pending against 181 bankers, financiers and brokers, 35 of whom are in custody.—Reuter.

M. POINCARE.

IMPROVEMENT OF HIS CONDITION.

BASELESS RUMOURS.

Paris, Yesterday.

Professor Mario saw M. Poincare this afternoon and stated that his condition had notably improved.

M. Barthou called to see M. Poincare shortly afterward and told Press men that M. Poincare was recovering. He was not suffering from paralysis or uraemia and the alarmist rumours of the morning were baseless.

A bulletin states that slight improvement was shown in M. Poincare's condition this evening.—Reuter.

GRAVE CONDITION.

Paris, Yesterday.

M. Tardieu called at M. Poincare's house this morning and left looking very upset, as M. Poincare is in a very grave condition. He was apparently in the best of health when he sat through the great debate in the Senate on December 4, when M. Tardieu was defeated, and was very active in the lobby, but was so fatigued the next day that he summoned a doctor, who prescribed a complete rest.

M. Poincare, however, did not rest easily. He was frequently concerned during the political crisis, and continued his literary work, besides finishing a paper which he was to read at the Sorbonne yesterday.

His condition became worse suddenly on December 16, and a doctor who was summoned to his bedside, with high blood pressure and a tendency to rupture the small vein in contact with the brain. M. Poincare was put to bed and was bled, but the attack of hemiplegia became more marked. Several specialists have been summoned, and Madame Poincare is in constant attendance at the bedside. It is now ordered that nobody be admitted, not even his most intimate friends, as M. Poincare's condition is very grave.

DOES BURMA WANT SEPARATION?

Doubt Expressed by Indian Delegate.
LOCAL INQUIRY SUGGESTED.

Rugby, Yesterday.

The Prime Minister to-day presided over the Round Table Conference which sat in full committee to consider and note that the reports of the sub-committees on Burma and provincial constitutions, and the interim reports were not being adopted in the ordinary way, but had merely been brought back to the full committee to enable any member to make observations regarding the proposals, which had to be considered merely as raw material for the proposal of drawing up the final scheme. The federal structure interim report was adopted practically without comment. When the provincial constitution report was discussed, the view was advanced on behalf of certain minorities that their representation in the Cabinet should be statutory and not in the Governor's instrument of instructions. The view also was expressed by certain delegates that the Governor's emergency powers were too wide and vague. There was general agreement that special powers for Governors were necessary, although no very specific opinions were expressed as to what these should be.

The Burmese Question.

When the Burma sub-committee's report was under discussion, Mr. Shiva Rao and some other British Indian delegates expressed doubt whether Burma really did desire separation from India and suggested that the question might be decided by a local inquiry. The Burma delegate, Mr. Ushap, said that separation from India was the universal desire in Burma, but some wanted separation now with Dominion status later, while others opposed separation now because of the doubt as to whether they would receive Dominion status later.

The Committee decided to set up additional sub-committees. One will report on what modifications, if any, are to be made in the general provincial constitution to suit the special circumstances of the North West Frontier province. Another will consider on what main principles is the franchise to be based for men and women.

Political Principle.

The third will consider questions of political principle relating to defence other than strictly constitutional aspects under the headings of powers of executive and relations with Crown, the terms of reference being meant to include such questions as Indianisation, but to exclude minor administrative matters. The fourth sub-committee will consider the relations of the services to the new political structures, including such questions as the rate of British recruitments in all India services, but excluding such subjects as responsibility for internal administration and Police in provinces. The sub-committee on the question of a Supreme Court will also be set up and Lord Sankey's sub-committee will have referred to it points four and five on the Lord Chancellor's list of the heads of subjects, namely, what are to be federal and what central subjects; and secondly, should there be few subjects at first with power to increase them, or would it be better to have many subjects as possible now? Following the usual procedure the members of these sub-committees will be nominated by the Chairman on the advice of the business committee, which meets to consider the matter to-morrow.—British Wireless Service.

uracemia, with high blood pressure and a tendency to rupture the small vein in contact with the brain. M. Poincare was put to bed and was bled, but the attack of hemiplegia became more marked. Several specialists have been summoned, and Madame Poincare is in constant attendance at the bedside. It is now ordered that nobody be admitted, not even his most intimate friends, as M. Poincare's condition is very grave.

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(Camb. Higher Local,
Camb. Teachers' Diploma).
MISS GERTRUDE TURNER
(National Frodo Higher
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COMPANY MEETINGS**UNION WATER BOAT COMPANY, LIMITED.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Company will be held at the Offices of Messrs. Dodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Building, Victoria, in the Colony of Hong Kong at 11 o'clock in the Forenoon on MONDAY, the 8th day of December, 1930, for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing the following resolutions as Extraordinary Resolutions:—

1. That the Articles of Association of the Company be amended as follows:—

(a) By the insertion immediately after Article 43 of the following new Article, namely, 43 (A) The Company may by ordinary resolution cancel any shares which at the date of the passing of such resolution have not been taken or agreed to be taken by any person, and diminish the amount of its share capital by the amount of the shares so cancelled.

(b) By the insertion immediately after Article 102 of the following new Articles, namely, 102a. The Company may at any time and from time to time in general meeting by resolution authorise the General Managers to capitalise any profits of the Company not required for the time being for payment of dividend upon any preference shares of the Company or other shares issued upon any special conditions, whether standing to the credit of the Company's reserve fund or otherwise, and including profits arising from the appreciation in value of capital assets, and to allot to the members holding shares of the Company in respect of the net amount capitalised—fully paid shares of the Company of equivalent nominal amount, and the General Managers shall give effect to any such resolution accordingly, and any shares allotted pursuant to any such resolution shall be distributed among the members holding shares of the Company so far as practicable in proportion to the number of shares held by

them respectively, and shall be credited as fully paid by means of the profits so capitalised and the General Managers may make such provision by the issue of fractional certificates or by the payment of cash or by sale and distribution of the proceeds or otherwise as they may think expedient for the case of fractions. The General Managers may appoint any person on behalf of the members to enter into any agreement with the Company providing for the allotment to them of such shares credited as fully paid up, and in satisfaction as aforesaid and any agreement made under such authority shall be effective.

102b. The General Managers may, with the sanction of the Company in General Meeting, declare a dividend to be paid to the members according to their rights and interests in the profits, and may fix the time for payment and may with the like sanction declare and pay a dividend or bonus out of any reserve fund and fix the time for payment thereof and may with the like sanction declare and pay bonuses to the Company's employees or any of them.

AND NOTICE is hereby further given that a further Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company will be held at the same time and place on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of December, 1930, for the purpose of receiving a report of the proceedings at the above mentioned meeting and of confirming if thought fit as a Special Resolution the above mentioned Resolution.

AND NOTICE is hereby further given that a further Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company will be held at the same place on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of December, 1930, at 11.05 o'clock in the Forenoon or so soon thereafter as the above meeting shall have terminated, for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing the following resolutions, namely:—

1. That the Company do hereby cancel all shares (namely, 22277 shares numbered 27724 to 50000) which at the date hereof have not been taken or agreed to be taken by any person, and do hereby diminish the amount of its

share capital by the amount of the shares so cancelled.

2. That the Capital of the Company be increased from its diminished capital of \$194,061.00 Hong Kong Currency divided into 27,723 shares of \$7.00 each to \$500,010 Hong Kong Currency divided into 71,430 shares of \$7.00 each and that such additional shares shall rank in all respects pari passu with the original capital of the Company.

3. That the General Managers be and they are hereby authorised to capitalise the sum of \$77,630 profits of the Company standing to the credit of the Company's Reserve Funds and to allot to the members holding shares of the Company as on the first day of January, 1931, in respect of the net amount capitalised fully paid shares of the Company of equivalent nominal value in the proportion of two shares for every five shares of the Company then held by such persons respectively and that such shares so allotted shall rank for dividends as from the 1st day of January, 1931.

4. That if on such distribution as aforesaid any person would be entitled to a fraction of a share the General Managers shall in lieu of issuing fractional certificates cause the whole share to be allotted to a person or persons to be named by the General Managers and such share may at such time as the General Managers think fit be sold and the proceeds distributed amongst the persons entitled to the fractions making up the share.

5. That the General Managers be and they are hereby authorised out of the profits of the Company standing to the credit of the Company's Reserve Funds to pay to the members holding the 27,723 existing shares of the Company as on the 1st day of January, 1931, a sum equal to \$6.00 for every five shares of the Company then held by such persons respectively by way of a bonus dividend out of the profits of the Company.

Dated this 27th day of November, 1930.
Per Pro. DODWELL & CO., LTD.
J. P. WARREN,
Manager.
General Managers.

GENERAL NOTICES**R.A.O.B. CLUB.**

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the R.A.O.B. Club will be held on THURSDAY, December 18, commencing at 7 p.m. It is hoped all members will attend.

NOTICE.

IF MR. YE TOM will call, his application will be considered.

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Offer of New Shares.

SHAREHOLDERS are reminded that the 24th of December, 1930, is the last day upon which signed Forms of Acceptance or Renunciation of the offer of New Shares made to shareholders on the 23rd of September last must reach the Company's Bankers in Hong Kong (The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation) accompanied by a remittance.

J. D. THOMSON,
Acting Secretary.
Hong Kong, 16th Dec., 1930.

THE UNITED ASBESTOS ORIENTAL AGENCY LIMITED

(in Voluntary Liquidation).

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the United Asbestos Oriental Agency, Limited (in voluntary liquidation) will be held at the Offices of Messrs. Dodwell & Co., Limited, at Queen's Building, Victoria, in the Colony of Hong Kong, on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of December, 1930, at 11.45 o'clock in the forenoon at which Meeting the Liquidators will lay before the Meeting an account of their acts and dealings and of the conduct of the winding up during the year following the confirmation of the Resolution for the winding up of the Company.

Dated this 15th day of December, 1930.
The United Asbestos Oriental Agency, Ltd.,
(In Voluntary Liquidation)
Per Pro DODWELL & CO., LTD.
(Sd.) J. P. WARREN,
Manager.
Liquidators.

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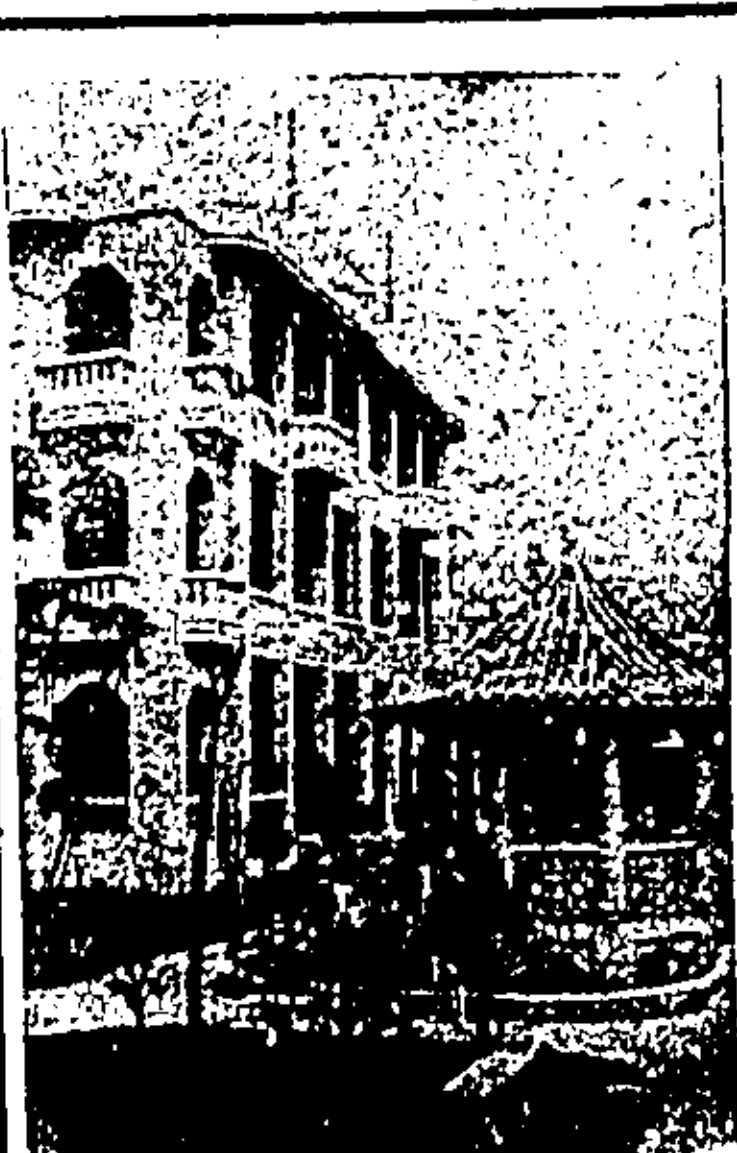
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Yes, even at the present rate of exchange you'd be dear at 90 cents. Boiled down, so to speak, the average man contains enough iron to make a small nail, about sufficient lime to limewash a few square feet of the backyard wall, infinitesimal quantities of phosphorus, calcium, and other salts and minerals, plus a large quantity of—water!

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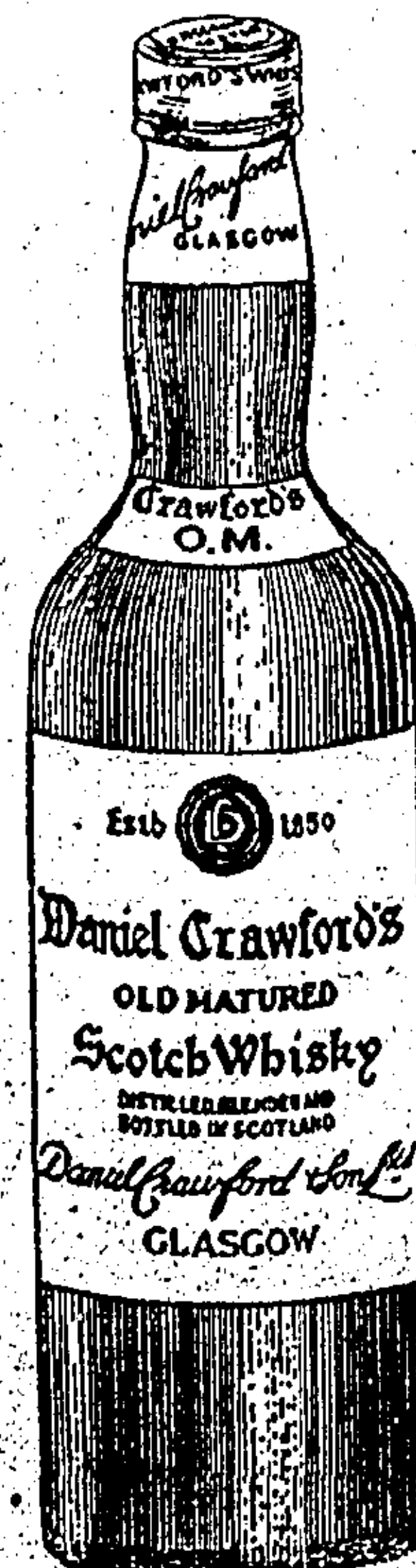
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HEIAN MARU Wednesday, Dec. 17, midnight.
LONDON, MARSEILLES, ANTWERP, ROTTERDAM via Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez.
HAUSAN MARU Saturday, 27th December.
HARUNA MARU Saturday, 10th January.
SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila & Ports.
ATSUTA MARU Thursday, 25th December.
KAMO MARU Tuesday, 20th January.
BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang, & Colombo.
TOKUSHIMA MARU Sunday, 28th December.
TANGO MARU Sunday, 11th January.
SOUTH AMERICA (West Coast) via Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Mexico & Panama.
RAKUYO MARU Sunday, 21st Dec. at daylight.
SOUTH AMERICA (East Coast) via Singapore, Cape Town & Ports.
KAMAKURA MARU Monday, 22nd December.
NEW YORK, BOSTON via Panama.
TATSUNO MARU Monday, 5th January.
LIVERPOOL via Port Said, Siam, Constantinople, Genoa.
DURBAN MARU Sunday, 18th January.
CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.
MALACCA MARU Monday, 29th December.
MURORAN MARU Tuesday, 6th January.
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O. S. K.

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LONDON, HAMBURG, ROTTERDAM & ANTWERP—Via Singapore, Colombo, Suez and Port Said.
ANDES MARU Wednesday, 24th December.
RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS & BUENOS AIRES—Via Saigon, Singapore, Colombo, Durban & Cape Town.
MONTEVIDEO MARU Tuesday, 30th December.
BOMBAY—Via Singapore & Colombo.
DURBAN, LOURENCO MARQUES, BEIRA, DAR-ES-SALAAM, ZANZIBAR & MOZAMBIQUE—Via Singapore & Colombo.
MEXICO MARU Monday, 5th January.
CALCUTTA—Via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.
MADRAS MARU Thursday, 18th December.
BURMA MARU Wednesday, 2nd January.
VICTORIA, SEATTLE, TACOMA & VANCOUVER.
MELBOURNE—Via Manila, Brisbane & Sydney.
BRISBANE MARU Monday, 5th January.
 * (Calls at Wellington & Auckland.)
HAIPHONG—Via Hoihow & Pakhoi (Fortnightly).
MENADO MARU Thursday, 25th December.
NEW YORK—Via Japan Ports & Panama.
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KWANTO MARU Thursday, 8th January.
JAPAN PORTS (Frequent Services).
HIMALAYA MARU Wednesday, 24th December.
KEELUNG—Via Swatow & Amoy (Every Sunday).
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NEW CANADIAN DESTROYER.

Launching of Latest R.C.N. Addition.

The torpedo-boat destroyer Skeena, built for the Royal Canadian Navy by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., was launched in mail week by Miss Mildred Bennett, sister of Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada. Many members of the Canadian delegation to the Imperial Conference were present. After the launch Sir John Thornycroft presided at a luncheon at the South-Western Hotel. Proposing the toast of the Dominion of Canada, Mr. L. S. Amery said Canada's future lay on the water. She was bound to have an immense interest in modern transportation. A great overseas trade was, in one sense, a hostage to fortune unless it was defended. If we were entering on an Empire-wide co-operation for our prosperity and development, it naturally followed that we must turn our minds also to co-operation for the insurance of that prosperity. Mr. H. H. Stevens, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, in reply, said it was sometimes intimated that Canada was not sufficiently appreciative of the Motherland and did not extend to her all the business she ought.

During the past five years Canada had built in these islands, for use in Canadian waters, 152 ships. He estimated that she paid annually upwards of \$100,000,000 for shipping services, and some \$200,000,000 a year on investments in Canada. If the position were properly analysed, it would be shown that Canada was purchasing from Britain more than was required to pay for her imports, taking into account these services and interest.

The Prime Minister of Canada had in the last few days given an indication of the attitude Canada took up. It was in the realm of trade that the Empire would find its development. He did not think they should limit their view simply to trade within the Empire. Those in touch with the progress of affairs recognised that overseas trade was destined to grow on the Pacific rather than on the Atlantic. The Skeena is the second of two destroyers ordered by the Canadian Government in 1928, to replace the craft employed for training purposes at Halifax and Esquimaux respectively. The first ship was launched on July 11, and named the Saguenay by Mrs. G. J. Desbarats, wife of the Deputy Minister of National Defence. The new vessels have been designed by the Thornycroft firm to operate in conjunction with the Acasta class in the Royal Navy should need arise, but they also fulfil special Canadian requirements.

These include the provision of heavier scantlings and sufficient stability to withstand an accumulation of ice on the upper decks and

bridges. The climatic conditions under which they will serve also necessitated the provision of an elaborate heating system for the maintenance of a reasonable temperature in all the living spaces. The vessels have a length of 309ft. between perpendiculars and 321ft. over all, a breadth of 32ft. 6in., and a displacement of 1,320 tons. The designed speed is 35 knots, obtained with single reduction geared turbines of 34,000 s.h.p. The armament includes four 4.7in. guns and eight 21in. torpedo tubes. The Saguenay should be finished in March and the Skeena later in spring, and it is expected they will relieve the Champlain and the Vancouver at Halifax and Esquimaux respectively. The latter ships, also built by Thornycroft late in the War, were originally called the Torbay and Toredore, and are smaller, slower, and less heavily armed than the new ships. The names of the new vessels are those of rivers in Eastern and Western Canada.

COASTAL SHIPS.

LATEST CHANGES IN PERSONNEL.

Captain A. H. Bathurst, of the Tean, is on home leave.

Captain J. Pringle, from reserve, has gone master, Tean.

Captain W. J. Larter, of the Kwangchow, has gone master, Kiungchow.

Captain C. B. L. Stringer, of the Kiungchow, has gone master, Kwangchow.

Captain R. Turnbull, from reserve, has gone master, Anhui.

Captain R. H. G. Ashby, of the Anhui, is on reserve.

Captain J. T. J. Layton, of the Ninghai, is on reserve.

Captain Y. N. Campbell, from reserve, has gone master, Ninghai.

Captain E. Johnson, of the Wansien, has gone master, Kintang.

Captain J. E. Richards, of the Kiangsu, is on reserve.

Captain R. T. Stephens, of the Chenan, is on reserve.

Captain I. Newton, from reserve, has gone master, Chenan.

Mr. B. L. Butcher has been appointed extra second officer, Shengkung.

Mr. E. M. Henderson has been appointed extra second officer, Shengkung.

Mr. F. J. Griffith, chief officer, Chungking, has gone chief officer, Wansien.

Mr. P. McAllister, chief officer, Wansien, has gone chief officer, Chungking.

Mr. J. C. Bartley, second officer, Kaying, has gone second officer, Chengtu.

Mr. D. Simpson, second officer, Chengtu, has gone second officer, Kaying.

Mr. R. B. C. Lee, second officer, Sunning, is on reserve.

Mr. W. D. Cashel, from reserve, has gone second officer, Sunning.

Mr. E. J. E. Cox has been appointed second officer, Kwangchow.

Mr. E. Bruce, second officer, Szechuen, has gone second officer, Luchow.

Mr. E. G. Long, second officer, Luchow, has gone second officer, Szechuen.

Mr. A. J. Piggott, from reserve, has gone chief officer, Waishing.

Mr. R. E. Holden, second officer, Namsang, has gone acting chief officer, Kumsang.

Mr. H. R. Cooper, third officer, Kwangchow, has gone third officer, Kumsang.

Mr. C. S. Howard, second officer, Kutwo, has gone second officer, Klawo.

Mr. H. Campbell, chief engineer officer, Wansien, has gone chief engineer officer, Shantung.

Mr. J. S. Young, second engineer officer, Shantung, has gone second engineer officer, Hain Peking.

Mr. A. D. Bliss, third engineer officer, Chungking, has gone third engineer officer, Shengkung.

Mr. F. Crawley, second engineer officer, Taming, has gone second engineer officer, Chungking.

Mr. G. R. Wansley, second engineer officer, Wansung, has gone second engineer officer, Taming.

Mr. E. Bain, from reserve, has gone second engineer officer, Wansung.

Mr. J. R. Mooney has been appointed third engineer officer, Pingwo.

SUBMARINES FOR CHINA.

New Vessels Fitted with Latest Safety Dress.

On December 15 the new submarines, Perseus, Pandora, Poseidon, and Proteus, are to leave England for the China Station, where they will join the Third Flotilla. The arrival of these four vessels will bring the strength of the flotilla to ten units.

As each is a new vessel of the latest type, the flotilla will be the most powerful on any naval station. It will be composed of vessels of the "O" and "P" types, which have a wide radius of action, and embody in their design the most modern features of submarine construction. The flotilla is "mothered" by H.M.S. Medway, herself a new ship built specially for this duty. In addition to providing living space and hospital accommodation for the crews of all the submarines attached to her, the Medway is fitted with workshops for effecting all classes of repairs to the vessels, and with special appliances for refitting them at sea.

Among the equipment issued to the four new submarines in preparation for their service in the Far East is a full supply of the newly introduced safety dress, which is designed to enable men to escape from a wrecked submarine. It is so constructed that it can be put on quickly and easily. Through a tube a man wearing the dress breathes oxygen from a reservoir affixed to the front of the jacket of the dress, and is able to live for some hours under water.

The whole of the officers and men of our submarine service have now been trained in the use of this safety dress, and the work of introducing it into all our submarines is practically completed.

CONSIGNEES' NOTICES

Consignees of Cargo ex s.s. Benary are reminded to take delivery of their goods which will be subject to rent after December 19.

Consignees of Cargo ex s.s. City of Corinth are reminded to take delivery of their goods which will be subject to rent after December 20.

STEAMERS' MOVEMENTS

The Ben Line s.s. Benverme from Middlesbrough, Antwerp, London and Straits is due to arrive here on December 18.

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Hong Kong	Shanghai	Kobe	Yokohama	Vancouver
Leave	Leave	Leave	Leave	Arrive
Empress of Canada	Dec. 25	Dec. 28	Dec. 30	Jan. 1
Empress of Russia	Jan. 7	Jan. 10	Jan. 13	Jan. 15
Empress of Japan	Feb. 5	Feb. 8	Feb. 10	Feb. 12
Empress of Asia	Feb. 18	Feb. 21	Feb. 24	Feb. 26
Empress of Canada	Mar. 5	Mar. 8	Mar. 10	Mar. 12
Empress of Russia	Mar. 18	Mar. 21	Mar. 24	Mar. 26
Empress of Japan	Apr. 1	Apr. 4	Apr. 7	Apr. 9
Empress of Asia	Apr. 10	Apr. 13	Apr. 16	Apr. 18
Empress of Canada	Apr. 25	Apr. 28	Apr. 30	May 2
Empress of Russia	May 8	May 11	May 14	May 16
Empress of Japan	May 23	May 26	May 28	May 30
Empress of Asia	June 6	June 9	June 11	June 13
Empress of Canada	June 20	June 23	June 25	June 27
Empress of Russia	July 3	July 6	July 9	July 11

* (Call at Nagasaki the day after departure from Shanghai)
 † Calls at Honolulu on May 8. ‡ Calls at Honolulu on June 5.

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Telephone:	
Passenger	20752
Freight	20042

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[1,068 tons—Capt. Troth.]	[649 tons—Capt. W. H. Lawton.]
DECEMBER.	DECEMBER.
MON. 22nd	FRI. 19th
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Regular Service of Fast, High Class River Steamers Having Good Accommodation for First Class Passengers. Electric Light and Fans in Staterooms and Saloon. The s.s. "Tai Hing" is fitted with Wireless. These vessels leave Hong Kong for Wuchow (via Samshui, Shihing, Takling & Dosing) and return to Hong Kong (via same Ports) every five or six days.

Fares for round trip (not including meals) \$20. Meals & Wines are to be obtained on board.

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For information apply to:—**KWONG WING Co., Ltd.**
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ANDREE FILMS DEVELOPED.

After 33 Years In Ice.

Stockholm, Nov. 3.
 M. Herzberg, the Swedish archaeologist and photographic expert, who has been treating the films found with the skeleton remains of the Andree polar balloon expedition, announced to-day that he had high hopes of saving at least ten of the twenty films which had been retrieved. These ten films have already been developed and although they have lain buried under the Arctic ice for thirty-three years the negatives produced will enable a number of remarkable pictures to be made. The best pictures are those showing the forced landing of the balloon on the ice. The films were stored in metal containers of tin and copper. The tin containers had rusted and the films inside them were spoiled. The copper containers however, had withstood the effects of the snow and ice and preserved the celluloid rolls so that careful chemical treatment has enabled them to be developed.

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THE BANK LINE, LTD.

P. & O.-British India Apcar and Eastern & Australian Lines

(COMPANIES incorporated in ENGLAND).
MAIL AND PASSENGER STEAMERS.

TAKING CARGO FOR

STRAITS, JAVA, BURMA, CEYLON, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
WEST INDIES, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA,
AUSTRALASIA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND AND
QUEENSLAND PORTS, AND RED SEA, EGYPT,
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, LEVANTINE
PORTS, EUROPE, &c.

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL FORTNIGHTLY
DIRECT ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
(Under Contract with H.M. Government.)

S.S.	Tons.	From Hong Kong About	Destination.
*KALYAN	9,144	20th Dec.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
*LAHORE	5,304	27th Dec.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Hamburg, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
RANCHI	16,550	3rd Jan.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
*MIRZAPORE	6,715	4th Jan.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
*JEYPORE	5,318	10th Jan.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Hamburg, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
KASHMIR	8,985	17th Jan.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
COMORIN	15,132	31st Jan.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
*PERIM	7,548	7th Feb.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Hamburg, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
KASHGAR	9,005	14th Feb.	Marseilles, London, Hull, Rotterdam & Antwerp.

*Cargo only. †Calls Casablanca.

Frequent connection from Port Said for Passengers and Cargo to
Constantinople, Piræus, Smyrna and other Levant Ports by steamers of the
Khedivial Mail Steamship Co.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS.

SIRDHANA	7,745	25th Dec.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
		3 p.m.	
TILAWA	10,005	7th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TALAMBA	8,018	14th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TALMA	10,000	3rd Feb.	

B.I. Apcar Line steamers have excellent accommodation for 1st
and 2nd class passengers. All steamers are fitted with wireless and
carry a qualified surgeon.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South).

ET. ALBANS	4,500	2nd Jan.	Manila, Rabaul, Brisbane, Sydney
NELLORE	6,853	31st Jan.	
TANDA	6,956	28th Feb.	† Melbourne.

Regular monthly sailings from Hong Kong to Shanghai and Japan
and Hong Kong to Australia.

Hong Kong to Sydney—19 days.

Frequent connections from Australia with the following:—
The Union S.S. Company's steamers to the United Kingdom via New
Zealand, Vancouver, San Francisco, etc.

The P. & O. Royal Mail Steamers to London and

The P. & O. Branch Service of steamers to London via Suez.
The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamers for Southampton and
London via Panama Canal.

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN.

		1890	
*PERIM	7,548	18th Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
		6 a.m.	
KASHMIR	8,985	19th Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
		Noon	
TALAMBA	8,018	20th Dec.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
		1931.	
*KIDDERPORE	5,334	1st Jan.	Shanghai, Moji & Kobe.
COMORIN	15,132	3rd Jan.	Shanghai, Kobe & Yokohama.
NELLORE	6,853	6th Jan.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe, Osaka & Yham.
TALAMBA	10,000	12th Jan.	Amoy, Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
KASHGAR	9,005	17th Jan.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
KHIVA	9,135	24th Jan.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
MALWA	10,980	31st Jan.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
TANDA	6,956	6th Feb.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe, Osaka & Yham.
KHYBER	9,114	14th Feb.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
*SOMALI		20th Feb.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.

*Cargo only.

All dates are approximate and subject to alteration without notice.
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FITTED ON ALL STEAMERS.
Passengers for Rangoon must defray their own Hotel expenses at
Singapore while awaiting the on-carrying steamer.

All Cabins are fitted with Electric Fans free of charge.
Steamers on London and Australian Lines are fitted with Laundries.
Parcels measuring not more than 2½ ft. x 2 ft. x 1 ft. will be received
at the Company's Office up to Noon on the day previous to sailing.

For further information, Passage, Freight, Handbooks, etc., apply to:—
MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.,

P. & O. Building, Connaught Rd. C., Hong Kong. Agents.

THE KWONG HIP LUNG CO. LTD.

ENGINEERS AND SHIPBUILDERS, BOILER-MAKERS, BRASS
AND IRON FOUNDERS. All work done in this establishment is
guaranteed. We have over thirty years' experience. We own two Slip-
ways and can accommodate any craft of 200 feet long.
Town Office: 64, Connaught Road Central, Hong Kong. Tel. 20459.
Shipyard: Sham-shu-po, Kowloon, Hong Kong. Kowloon Tel. 57009.
Estimates furnished on application.
Hong Kong, April 1, 1924.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

PROMINENT VISITORS COMING TO COLONY.

The following passengers on
board the s.s. President Grant are
due to arrive at Hong Kong to-
morrow:—

Mr. Harry W. Dean, representa-
tive of the Alhambra Cigar and
Cigarette Mfg. Co. of Manila, re-
turning to Manila after an ex-
tended, business trip in the is-
lands.

Mr. R. E. McGrath, Vice-Presi-
dent of the United States Shoe
Co., en route to Manila, P.I.
Capt. W. P. Gaddis, accompanied
by his wife and two children, en
route to Manila. For the past
three years Capt. Gaddis has been
in charge of the U.S. Hydrographic
Office at San Francisco and is now
being transferred to the Orient.

Mrs. A. Anderson, wife of the
Manager of the Manila Hotel,
P.I., is returning home.

Mr. Joseph Parrott, connected
with the International Harvester
Co., returning to Manila with his
wife.

Mr. Walter James Pike, with the
Consolidated Mining Company, en
route to Manila, P.I., where he will
take up his work.

Mr. G. H. Falchney, of the
Falchney Instrument Corporation,
Watertown, N.Y., en route to
Manila, accompanied by his wife.

Mrs. Catherine M. Ramsden,
whose husband is connected with
Marshall Field & Co., en route to
Hong Kong.

Mr. Frank Sistersmans, with the
Banguet Mining Co., en route to
Manila, P.I.

Mr. E. J. Darras, Manager of
the N. & B. Garage in Manila, ac-
companied by his wife and three
children, to Manila to continue
his work.

Sister Mary Gonzaga Rizzardi,
Sister Mary Claudia Holfelder,
and Sister Mary Dolores Oberle,
en route to Hong Kong, where
they will take up their work.

Sister Mary Fidalis Dorsch, en
route to Manila, P.I.

WARSHIPS IN PORT.

The following British warships
were in harbour yesterday:—
Berwick—West Wall Dock.

Cleat—In dock.

Cornflower—North wall.

Herald—No. 4 buoy.

Iroquois—East Wall.

Marazion—In dock.

Medway—North arm.

Seamew—In dock.

Serapis—No. 8 buoy.

Somme—No. 12 buoy.

Sterling—No. 11 buoy.

Stormcloud—South wall.

Suffolk—No. 8 buoy.

Tamar—Basin.

Thracian—South wall.

Foreign Men-of-War.

Argus—French gunboat.

Juan Sebastian de Elcano—
Spanish gunboat.

Waldeck Rousseau—French gun-
boat.

ARRIVALS OF SHIPS.

Monday, December 15.

Changte, British str., 2,579 tons,
Capt. F. C. Gambrell, from
Melbourne, Holt's Wharf.

B. & S.

Tean, British str., 1,251 tons, Capt.
J. Pringle, from Holhow, buoy
No. B13.—B. & S.

Tuesday, December 16.

Aki Maru, Japanese str., 3,672 tons,
Capt. K. Harada, from Manila,
Kowloon Wharf.—N.Y.K.

City of Shanghai, British str., 3,748
tons, Captain H. Lloyd, from
Shanghai, buoy No. A52.—
Bank Line.

Hankfjell, Norwegian str., 1,426
tons, Capt. S. Andersen, from
Doddwell & Co.

Liangchow, British str., 1,220 tons,
Capt. J. Taylor, from Swatow,
buoy No. C14.—B. & S.

Trier, German str., 9,515 tons,
Capt. J. Jacobsen, from Bremen,
Kowloon Wharf.—Melchers &
Co.

A Naval War less message states
that H.M.S. Sandwich arrived in
Holhow at 4 p.m. yesterday. She
reports that there is no immedi-
ate danger to British subjects.

TRAVEL A.O. LINE

To AUSTRALIA. Calling at Manila (P. I.), Thursday 14. Cairns, Townsville,
Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne.

BRITISH STEAMERS: CHANGTE, TAIFING (Gunnery)

PASSENGER AND MOST UP-TO-DATE STEAMERS IN THE SERVICE.
ELECTRIC LAUNDRY, BARBER SHOP, SUGARON and STEWARDESSE CARRIED.

Enjoy Your Short Leave in Australia and New Zealand, Hong Kong, Sydney—19 Days.

FIRST CLASS FARE TO SYDNEY, 695 RETURN.

LONDON (via Australia) from £141/10/0.

(Australian Newspapers on file)

STEAMER Date from Hong Kong Date from Hong Kong Date from Hong Kong Date from Hong Kong

CHANGTE 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930

TAIFING 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930

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CHANGTE 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930

TAIFING 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930 1st Dec. 1930

INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

SAILINGS SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

Destination	Steamer	Sailing
Tsai via S'ow & S'hai	CHAKSANG	Fri., 19th Dec. at 7 a.m.
Tsai via S'ow & S'hai	FOOSHING	Tues., 23rd Dec. at 7 a.m.
Tsai via S'ow & S'hai	KWANGSANG	Sun., 28th Dec. at 7 a.m.
Tsai via S'ow & S'hai	HOPSANG	Tues., 30th Dec. at 7 a.m.
S'pore, Penang & Calcutta	NAMSANG	Mon., 29th Dec. at 3 p.m.
S'pore, Penang & Calcutta	SUISANG	Mon., 29th Dec. at 3 p.m.
S'pore, Penang & Calcutta	HOSANG	Mon., 29th Dec. at 3 p.m.
Osaka via Amoy, Shanghai	KUTSANG	Fri., 19th Dec. at 7 a.m.
Osaka via Amoy, Shanghai	HOSANG	Mon., 23rd Dec. at 7 a.m.
Osaka via Amoy, Shanghai	KUMSANG	Tues., 20th Jan. at 7 a.m.
Osaka via Amoy, Shanghai	MAUSANG	Mon., 22nd Dec. at Noon
Sandakan	HINSANG	Sat., 3rd Jan. at Noon
Tsai via S'ow & Fochow	CHIPSANG	Sun., 21st Dec. at 7 a.m.
Tsai via S'ow & Fochow	CHEONGSHING	Fri., 26th Dec. at 7 a.m.

For Freight and Passage apply to:—

JARDINE, MATHESON & CO., LTD.
Telephone 30311. General Managers.

HONG KONG AND MACAO LINE in Good Speed S.S. CHUEN CHOW

Daily Sailing from Hong Kong at 2.00 p.m.

Sailing from Macao at 7.50 a.m.

Sundays excepted.

Freight and Passage apply to:—

CHUEN ON STEAM BOAT CO., LTD.
241, Des Voeux Road C. Tel. 26081.

CONSIGNEES.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

THE BEN LINE STEAMERS,
LIMITED.

From LEITH, MIDDLESBRO',
ANTWERP, LONDON and
STRAITS.

The Steamship,
"BENARTY"

Consignees of cargo are hereby in-
formed that all goods are being land-
ed at their risk into the Godowns and
or extra hazardous Godowns of
The Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf and
Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or from
the wharves delivery may be obtained.

No claims will be admitted after the
Goods have left the Godowns, and all
Goods remaining undelivered after the
19th instant, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must
be presented to the Underwriters on or
before the 2nd January, 1931, or they
will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed, and damaged
Goods are to be left in the Godowns,
where they will be examined on the
18th instant, at 10 a.m., by Messrs.
Goddard & Douglas.

No Fire Insurance has been effect-
ed.

Bills of Lading will be counter-
signed by
GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., LTD.,
Agents.

Hong Kong, 12th December, 1930.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

AMERICAN & MANCHURIAN LINE
From NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA
& MARSEILLES.

The Steamship,
"CITY OF CORINTH"

having arrived, Consignees of Cargo
by her are informed that all goods
are being landed at their risk into the
hazardous and/or extra-hazardous Go-
downs of Holt's Wharf, whence de-
livery may be obtained.

No Claims will be admitted after the
Goods have left the Godowns, and all
Goods remaining undelivered after
20th December, 1930, will be subject
to rent.

All Claims against the Steamer
must be presented to the Under-
signed on or before 27th December, 1930,
or they will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed and damaged
goods are to be left in the Godowns,
where they will be examined on any
Tuesdays or Fridays, between the
hours of 10.45 a.m. and Noon, within
the Free Storage period of One Week.

No Fire Insurance has been effect-
ed.

Bills of Lading will be counter-
signed by
THE BANK LINE, LIMITED,
Hong Kong, 16th December, 1930.

The wiles of boat hawkers in the
harbour was brought to light in the
Marine Court this morning, when a
boat woman was charged for lend-
ing her hawking licence to another
boat woman. She admitted the
charge and was fined \$4 or four
days' imprisonment.

PASSENGER LIST

ARRIVALS

Per s.s. Changte on December

16:—
Mr. E. C. Colleyshaw, Mrs. E.
Delany, Mr. J. Frost, Mrs. A. Hay-
good, Miss A. Haygood, Mr. P. S.
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Marks, Mrs.
D. M. Matear, Mrs. W. H. Mc-
Laughlin, Mr. A. L. McLaughlin,
Dr. C. E. North, Mrs. M. Shelm-
dine, Miss M. Stormon, Mrs. M.
Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. C. E.
Vaughan, Mrs. T. Walker-Sinclair,
Mr. E. J. T. Warren, Mr. and Mrs.
J. B. Wheelwright.

HONG KONG TIDE

The tide-table given below has been
obtained by aid of the Tide-predicting
Machine, which includes 40 com-
ponents for the better prediction of
tides, from the result of the analysis
of the tidal observations, taken at
the Kowloon tidal observatory under
the direction of Dr. Dobson during
the years 1887, 1888 and 1889.

The times and heights are given
for Kowloon; but they may be used
for the Victoria Naval Yard and
Aberdeen, the differences being very
small.

The times of high and low-water
must not be considered to coincide
with the times of slack-water and
change of current, the two phenomena
being quite distinct.

December 17 to 22, 1930.

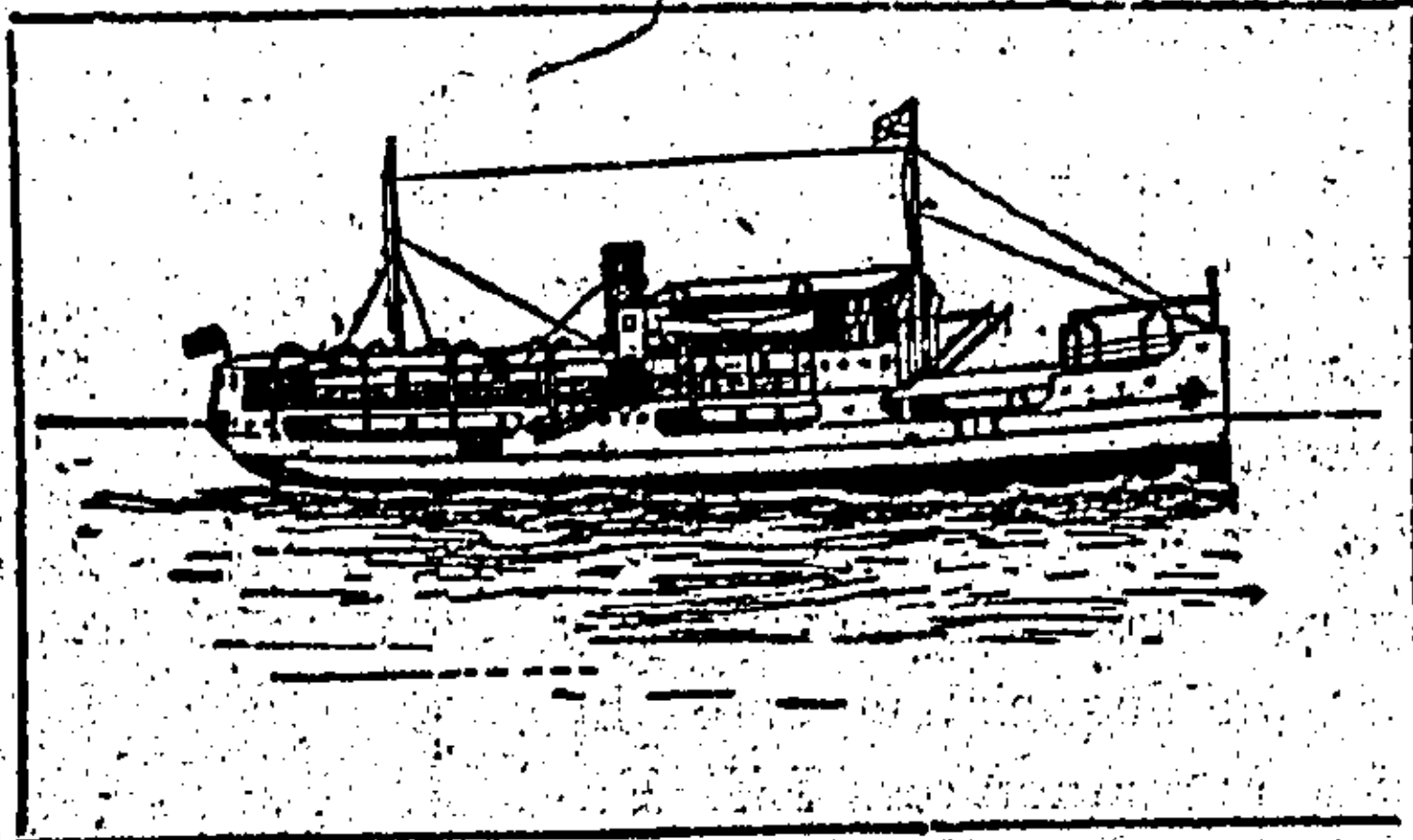
Date	High Water	Lower Water
Dec.	Standard Times	Standard Times
Wed. 17	m 8 0 5.0	m 1 57 2.3
	7 33 4.7	0 19 2.3
Thurs 18	m 9 10 4.7	m 2 44 1.8
	8 3 4.7	1 21 1.8
Fri. 19	m 10 10 4.5	m 3 17 1.3
	9 23 4.5	2 3 1.3
Sat. 20	m 11 10 4.4	m 4 8 0.8
	9 8 4.4	2 35 0.7
Sun. 21	m 12 10 4.3	m 5 0 0.6
	9 27 4.3	3 8 0.6
Mon. 22	m 1 0 4.2	m 5 51 0.5
	10 10 4.2	3 4 0.5
Tues. 23	m 1 47 4.1	m 6 15 1.0
	10 44 4.1	4 17 1.0

THE HONGKONG & WHAMPOA DOCK CO., LTD.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "MANIFESTO" HONGKONG.

DOCK OWNERS, SHIP BUILDERS, MARINE AND LAND ENGINEERS, BOILER
MAKERS, IRON, STEEL, AND BRASS FOUNDERS, FORGE MASTERS,
ELECTRICIANS.

The Com-
pany pos-
sesses Six
Granite
Docks and
Two Pat-
ent Slip-
ways. The
dimensions
of No. 1
Dock are
700 ft. x
88 ft. x 30
ft.



Codes Used:
At, A.B.C.
Edition; En-
gineering;
First and
Second Ed-
ition; West-
ern Union
and Wat-
kins.

M.S. "SUGBO."

Single screw steel passenger and cargo motor ship. Dimensions:—154' 0" B.P.
x 28' 0" Mid. x 11' 6" Mid.; D.W. 470 tons; R.H.P. 360; Speed 10½ knots. Built
and machinery installed by The Hong Kong & Whampoa Dock Co., Ltd., to the
order of La Naviera Filipina Inc., Cebu for Philippine coasting service.

Please address enquiries to the Chief Manager:—

R. M. DYER, B.Sc., M.I.N.A., Kowloon Dock, Hong Kong.

Agents:—
A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Phone 20616. Kowloon 57019.



ULLMANN'S
is where the
LATEST NOVELTIES
can be selected
at a Reasonable Price.



Save to Spend!

WHILE in receipt of a steady income, save to spend. Provide for dependent years—which come to all who reach old age. Set aside a definite part of your earnings to buy freedom from financial worries by means of a Manufacturers Life Endowment Policy.

Established 1887

THE

MANUFACTURERS LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

E. J. R. MITCHELL,
District Manager.

18. Chater Road. (A. 2060).

Tinsel Strings 15 Cts. to 30 Cts. String.
Glass Bells 15 Cts. to 30 Cts. Each.
Glass Lanterns 30 Cts. and 50 Cts. Each.
Boxes of Ornaments . . . \$1.00 to \$3.50 Box.
Christmas Tree Candles 30 Cts. Box. of 3 doz.

WHITEWAYS

Unfortunately the spirit of Christmas cannot be universal: to many Europeans in the Colony it will be as but an ordinary drab day—just like all the other 364 days in the year. Not for these the joy of the Christmas stocking; not for these the rapture of the Christmas Tree; not for these the Christmas Carding and

News in Brief

The forthcoming marriage is announced of Captain Frank Southwell, Weir, officer in H.M. Land Forces, Hong Kong, to Miss Roberta Brackenridge Paterson, of Chicago, U.S.A.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

Mail has been received at the American Consulate-General for the following persons:—

Ch. L. Boender, S. Domingo,
R. Egan, H. C. Evans, M. E. L.
Ridgway, F. Hamilton, Mrs. S. E.
Johnson, A. H. Martin, A. M.
Martin, J. A. McGee, L. C. Moller,
Oschendorf, W. C. Oskland,
B. Olvmarker, Mrs. E. T. Seton,
N. Shumaker, Mrs. E. Smith,
Townsend, J. N. Yaff, H. W.
W. R. Williams.

A two-year-old armed robbery was recalled yesterday when one of the alleged robbers appeared before Mr. Butters at Kewloon magistracy yesterday. It is alleged that in October, 1928, accused, with two other men, boarded a passenger boat in Yau-mat-ti, Yee-pyohng Shelter and assaulted an Mei, a Chinese woman, stealing from her \$140 in money and a gold ring. Accused is alleged to have been armed with a revolver. He was committed to the gaol.

Whisker decanters; Mr. E. E. Hughes.
 Mahogany tray; Mr. and Mrs. Young.
 Silver egg stand; Mr. Harold Stetler.
 Silver muffin dishes; Mr. and Mrs. E.
 Spanghough. Silver fruit server and
 silver egg server; Mr. L. Dwayne. R.N.
 Silver breadmaster; Mr. J. E. Webster.
 Mr. J. E. Webster.
 Bailey, Clotilde; bowl; Capt. and
 Mrs. Morris. Silver ice cream spoons;
 Dr. Irvine. Kew, Electric toaster; Mr.
 and Mrs. H. A. Taylor. Silver tea
 and coffee service; Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
 Junior. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Webster.
 Ash tray; Mr. and Mrs. D. D.
 Crawford, Pair Bitters bottles; Mr.
 and Mrs. Walsh. Sugar server; Mr.
 and Mrs. D. D. Crawford.
 Rupert Foster. Silver muffin dish;
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. L. Rickett. Wash
 and towel service and tray; Mr. and
 Mrs. F. H. Rickett.
 Major; and Mrs. Harris. Cut glass
 jam jar; Mr. E. D. Lawrence. Silver
 asparagus dish and server; Mr. J. H.
 Little. Glass centre piece; Mr. H.
 Spicer and Mrs. J. Thayer. Silver cen-
 tre piece; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rickett.
 Mitchell. Silver ink stand; Mr. S. E.
 Johnson.
 Afternoon tea cloth; Mr. T. R. C.
 Brayfield. Silver and tortoise-shell
 trinket box; Mr. H. Arfas. Silver tea
 service; Rev. T. O'Mella. Picture; Mr.
 and Mrs. J. E. Webster.
 T. O'Mella. Picture; Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
 Webster. Silver fruit server, silver
 man-kam and Chan. L. J. L. Silver
 curlew; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. L. Silver
 coffee spoons; Staff—A.F.C., Hothow.
 Silver and enamel rose-pot; Mr. J.
 Fook-san. Silver cocktail shaker; Mr.
 and Mrs. J. E. Webster.
 Silver Kwa-tai; Silver cigarette box;
 Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Webster.
 Silver incense burner; Mr. and Mrs.
 Appleton. Set of French glassware;
 Mr. F. Marti. Lacquer teapots and
 table; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Croome.
 Silver cocktail shaker; Mr. and Mrs.
 Arnold. Damascene Vases;
 Messrs. J. E. Webster and Chan. Kan-
 tong, Silver and brass; Mr. and
 Mrs. J. E. Webster.
 Lum, Silk handkerchiefs.

Ten Years Ago.

[From the "China Mail" of
December 17, 1920.]

To-day dollars is worth 8/1-3/16.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

We are informed that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Stubbs have accepted the invitation issued by the Portuguese community to luncheon in the Hong Kong Hotel to-morrow in honour of His Excellency the Governor of

END OF KWANGSI
WAR IN SIGHT?Whole Chinese Nation
Opposed to "Reds."

A PEACE PARLEY.

Canton, Monday.

The possibilities of an early conclusion of the Kwangsi war are mentioned by General Ma Hsueh-chun in the course of a Press interview at Wuchow. By order of the Central Government, General Ma came to the South last month with the object of terminating the southern campaign, since he is a native of Kwangsi.

According to General Ma, he had commissioned two delegates, Messrs. Wu Chao-yung and Ma Chin-hung, to Nanning to interview the Kwangsi Generals Wang Cho-tso and Wang Hsueh-ling, who immediately wired to Generals Li Tsung-yen, Pei Hsueh-hai, Chang Fat-kuei and Wang Shao-hung for instructions. Upon receipt of the wire, the four leading Kwangsi Generals assembled at Nanning and held a military conference, with also Generals Yang Teng-fei, Liu Lue, Li Peh-hsin, Liang Han-ko, Ng Ki-wei and Hsiat Yoh in attendance. In the meeting, Li Tsung-yen first introduced General Ma's two representatives to all those present and then discussed the question of surrender.

Four Conditions.

It was decided by the Kwangsi generals to demand the following four conditions from the Central Government:

1. That the same treatment as other Nationalists be meted out to the Kwangsi-Ironside forces after surrender;
2. That all Nationalists now in Kwangsi be instructed to leave the Kwangsi territory;
3. That the Kwangsi whole province be administered by Kwangsi-ites;
4. That the Kwangsi-Ironside troops are not to be disbanded.

Immediately after the conference, the above four conditions were handed over to the two re-



"Is this village healthy?"
"Yes, you can become a centenarian in no time here."
Moustique, Charleroi.

representatives for further submission to the 8th Route Army and the Central Government for consideration. If these demands, concluded General Ma, meet with the approval of the Central authorities, the Kwangsi Generals would at once issue a circular telegram pledging their loyalty and declaring their surrender to the Central Government.

Nation Against Reds.

With a view to settling the civil strife throughout the country, so that all military comrades and people may unite together against the menace of Reds, the Central Government is reported to have agreed to the following points:

Wang Shao-hung would be appointed to take charge of the civil affairs in Kwangsi, on condition that Li Chung-yen, Pei Hsueh-hai and Chang Fat-kuei should immediately go abroad; Wang Shao-hung is to communicate with the Canton authorities for the dispositions of the Ironside-Kwangsi troops in Kwangsi.

Judging from the above, it appears that the peace movements in Kwangsi may come to sight in the not distant future.—Canton News Agency.

SHANGHAI TRAGEDY

P.W.D. ENGINEER SHOT BY
ACCIDENT.

Shanghai, Yesterday.
Mr. H. B. Trevelyan, of the Electrical Department of the Public Works Department of the Shanghai Municipal Council, died this morning from a wound inflicted on himself as a result of an accident that occurred when he was cleaning his pistol.

The deceased had been with the P.W.D. since 1921 and was 48 years of age. He leaves a wife and a son, who is an apprentice engineer in the same service.

LOTTERY TICKETS.

EUROPEAN'S COOK AND
PRINTING PRESS.

A STIFF SENTENCE.

A Chinese charged with possession of a printing press, used for the purpose of making lottery tickets, was this morning convicted and fined \$500, or four months, before Mr. E. H. Williams.

It was stated by Det.-Inspector Carey, for the Police, that defendant was a cook boy employed at a European residence at 7, Queen's Gardens. The arrest was effected by Sergeant Byron on a search warrant. A quantity of printing gear, tickets, etc. (produced) were found in defendant's room. Apparently it had been there for the past three or four months.

Mr. Carey added that he had been asked to press for a heavy penalty, as the man had protected himself to some extent by virtue of being in European employment and living on the premises.

Accused admitted possession, but denied complicity in the printing of the tickets. He was sentenced as stated.

MISSION TO EGYPT.

VISIT TO BE MADE IN
NEW YEAR.

Rugby, Yesterday.

A Trade Mission, similar in character to the Trade Missions sent to other foreign countries, with terms of reference corresponding to those of the mission which recently visited Japan and is at present in China, has been appointed to visit Egypt early in the new year.

The personnel is Sir Arthur Balfour as Chairman (Sir Arthur Balfour was Chairman of the Government Committee on Industry and Trade in 1924); Sir Alan Garrett Anderson, Honorary President of the International Chamber of Commerce; Mr. W. R. Blair, Director of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and Mr. Kenneth Lee, a well-known Lancashire cotton manufacturer.—British Wireless Service.

C.E.R. DISPUTE.

CHINA AND SOVIET TO MEET
AGAIN.

Moscow, Yesterday.

M. Karakhan, the Under-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, has informed General Moh Teh-hui, head of the Chinese delegation to the Russo-Chinese conference, who is about to depart for China for a period, that the Soviet Government, fully shares his repeatedly expressed wish that a start be made in the discussion of questions such as the Chinese Eastern Railway, and trade and diplomatic relations, for which special commissions were formed at the conference on December 4. The hope is expressed that Moh Teh-hui will speedily return and the work of the conference be resumed.—Reuter.

REAL ENTENTE.

FRENCH PLEA FOR GERMAN
FRIENDSHIP.

Paris, Yesterday.

A paper prepared by M. Poincaré was read to-day, in his absence owing to illness, at the opening of the Institute of Germanic Studies.

M. Poincaré therein refutes the German contention that France-German antagonism is due to a French endeavour to retain the monopoly of "civilisation," and hopes the Institute will promote permanent intellectual co-operation between France and Germany, and thus prepare for a real entente.—Reuter.

RAILWAY FINANCE.

INTEREST ADVANCED BY THE
MINISTRY.

Nanking, Yesterday.

The Railway Ministry has advanced the Shanghai-Nanking Railway \$56,700, required to pay interest due on December 1, which the railway was unable to pay on due date.

The Ministry is now revising the railway rates in order to protect the railway "budget" against future silver fluctuations.—Reuter.

WAR DEBTS.

U.S. TREASURY RECEIVES
\$24,600,000.

Washington, Yesterday.

Including already \$10,000,000 from Britain and \$10,000,000 from France and Italy, the Treasury yesterday received \$24,600,000 in war debt payments from abroad.—Reuter.

GERMAN SECRET
ARMAMENTS.Minister Says Charges
Nonsensical.

FEARS OF FRANCE.

Berlin, Nov. 29.

The fact that Germany is much disturbed by the developments at the Geneva preparatory disarmament conference, was voiced by Herr Groener Minister of Defence, in an interview given to the Press in which he deplores that 12 years after the armistice more money was being spent on armaments and more men were under arms in Europe than before the war, insisting that Germany will continue to press for the fulfilment of the disarmament pledges given by former Allied Powers in the peace treaty.

Germany, the Minister declared, is completely disarmed and all talk about secret German armaments and potential reserves is nonsensical. Without mincing his words, Minister Groener proceeded to refute and ridicule France's vague fears of the German army which, he said, was vastly inferior in numbers, material and equipment to France's army, not to mention the armed forces of France's satellites on Germany's Eastern frontier.

France, moreover, has never adduced proofs for her assertions that Germany was secretly arming because such proofs do not exist.

Limited By Treaty.

"Every single part of the German army's equipment, including even the horse-drawn, is limited by the Versailles treaty. If our army estimates, though much lower than in pre-war days, are comparatively high, this is because we are compelled to maintain an expensive professional army. If we were at liberty to dispense with that and to revert to the conscription system, our expenditure for such a small army of 10,000 men would be considerably lower. Even so France spends several times the German expenditure on armaments and if in view of that fact we are asked why Germany maintains an army at all, I can give evidence that the other party is unwilling to discuss the problem rationally."

Comparison of Forces.

The Minister then compared French and German armaments and emphasized that the German army was not permitted such important arms as military aeroplanes, tanks and heavy artillery. As regards the German industry's potential capacity to turn out such weapons in time of war, he recalled the fact that it took the highly developed American industry nearly a year to reorganise itself for armament deliveries. Finally, the Minister declared that Germany submitted to the Versailles treaty restrictions in view of the other signatories pledge to disarm too.

"During the past decade Germany has given abundant proof of her sincerity but she cannot be expected to submit for ever to the principle of one-sided defencelessness. No nation will voluntarily abandon her right to self-defence. The demand for national security is justified and recognized by the Covenant of the League of Nations. The disparity of armaments in Europe is intolerable and must be brought to an end."—Trans-Ocean Kuo Min.

STOLEN BY THE
INDIANS.Raid of Nearly Seventy
Years Ago in Texas.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 8.

Millie Darrak, now in her 68th year, has returned to her old home in Young County, Texas, seeking her relatives. She was stolen by raiding Comanche and Kiowa Indians when she was 18 months old. Dressed in a Indian blanket she called at the Texas state capitol recently and said that she wanted to claim her Texas citizenship.

Only speaks Indian. She has been identified as the baby stolen in a raid made in 1861 near the present site of Newcastle, Tex. Efforts of relatives to learn her fate had met the response that she had been killed. Then an Indian elder was ordered at Mountain View near Lawton, Okla. It revealed that "Sain-to-Hootle" Gombi was not an Indian. When she grew up she married a brave. On her return to Texas she was accompanied by her daughter, son-in-law and grand-children.

She speaks through her son-in-law as interpreter, for she has taught only the Indian tongue as a child. When a child the Indian children told her she was a white girl. When the Comanches raided her home, the Indian told her that she was a white girl. When the Comanches raided her home, the Indian told her that she was a white girl.

NEGRO SKULLS.

TRUE TALE OF EUROPEAN
STATESMEN.

BERLIN AMUSED.

Berlin (by mail).

Even the most tragic chapters in the history of nations may have its flash of humour. For the German people, the Treaty of Versailles is surely no pleasant, no amusing subject; yet a revelation concerning one of its clauses has just sent a ripple of laughter from one end of the country to the other.

Clause two of article 246 of the Treaty that attempted to settle the affairs of the world reads as follows:

"The skull of Sultan Makaua, which was taken away from German East Africa and brought to Germany shall be handed over to the British Government within a period of six months."

The German representatives (for in the circumstances then obtaining, negotiators were the wrong word), could not for the life of them think what the skull was, who Sultan Makaua had been, or how his mortal remains or any portion of them had ever taken the long trail to Berlin. But they had other cares at that time than the skull of a negro chieftain in far off Africa. So clause 2 of article 246 duly appeared in the text of the Treaty of Versailles.

In due time the British Government enquired how the handling over the skull was getting along, and in the Wilhelmstrasse a multitude of officials were awakened out of their bureaucratic repose by a frantic search for a trace of the skull.

It was a flash in the pan. No skull was found. The British Government in the meantime had had its attention distracted from Sultan Makaua to some urgent topic.

During the last term of office of Mr. Lloyd George, this smiling and mercurial statesman was one day startled by his secretary introducing to him a deputation of swarthy gentlemen who were obviously ill at ease in the swallowtail coats and stiff starched collars they had donned for the occasion. Precisely what they wanted the Foreign Office was at a loss to discover till a muster of every F.O. authority on African dialects produced a young gentleman able to translate the deputation's talk. It concerned clause 2 of article 246 of the Treaty of Versailles. It demanded with intense earnestness the return of the skull of the dead Sultan Makaua to the ancestral burying grounds of his tribe.

The matter interested Mr. Lloyd George, and he probed, probably for the first time, the real reasons for this strange skull clause. It appeared that Makaua was in his day a powerful dusky potentate in East Africa. His skill as a ruler was only equalled by his prowess on the battlefield. He died. That was a trifle over a hundred years ago. In due course of time there was nothing left of the redoubtable Makaua besides his skull. On this the local medicine men, who were just on the look out for a new national charm, seized with glee. In the midst of weird ceremonies, it was "revealed" to the chief medicine man, and through him to an expectant people that the tribe that possessed the skull of Sultan Makaua would be prosperous and happy so long as it did possess it. But no longer. The chief medicine man constituted himself, his heirs and successors, as the heaven-sent guardian of the said skull. Which is, of course, a very sound proceeding in negro politics.

The fateful year 1914 came, and with it the shadow of war was cast over the whole earth. Also over the piece of African territory inhabited by the tribe that held the sacred skull. The tribe stood staunchly loyal to the German flag under which they had enjoyed peace and prosperity. Nothing the most skilled agents could say would make them move from their stand. One British agent, however, re-embarked on the title of "Sultan Makaua's skull. He sent skilled negotiators to the chief medicine man. They held many fair promises in their mouths and much fair gold in their hands. The result was that, shortly thereafter, the tribesmen were struck with indignation to find that the sacred skull had disappeared. The chief medicine man told them with a voice trembling with emotion how the wicked Germans had overpowered him in his sleep by the use of foreign magical formulas, and got away with the skull.

The tribe swung round to the British side. Which was the end of the first act. The second act was Versailles, when some East African expert in Downing Street got the German Great Four to the Treaty. The third was when Mr. Lloyd George talked solemnly to the four negro negotiators in swallowtail coats, who had talked solemnly to the chief medicine man and had been paid a large sum of money. The fourth was the handing over of the skull to the British Government within a period of six months.

NEW
ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S
OFFICE.

IN ORDER that a COMPLETE LIST may be maintained for record purposes, it is requested that those Ladies and Gentlemen resident in Hong Kong, other than those now serving in His Majesty's Forces, who have had any decoration conferred upon them by His Majesty the King, will inform the Chief Clerk, Colonial Secretariat, unless this has already been done, within 14 days from the 12th December, 1930.

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that the Great White Father would see to the return of the skull.

Then Mr. Lloyd George forgot all about it. As had happened to Mr. Lloyd George many a time before on vastly more important matters.

The fourth act came when, in response to urgent reports from British political officers in East Africa, Downing Street renewed its interest in Sultan Makaua's bones. Mr. Chamberlain was then Foreign Secretary. He despatched a special courier to Dr. Stresemann asking him about it. More alarms and excursions in the Wilhelmstrasse, where every dossier referring to the skull had been pigeon-holed beyond the possibility of recovery. In the meantime Dr. Stresemann died, and Dr. Curtius reigned in his stead. Fullest enquiry failed to reveal the presence of the Sultan's skull, for the somewhat natural reason that it had never existed. In Berlin at any rate. But the tribe nagged the ex-deputation to Europe (who had spent ten years of the tribe's income in going to see Mr. Lloyd George), and the deputation nagged the British colonial authorities, who in turn nagged Downing Street, which in turn sent couriers on the subject to the Wilhelmstrasse.

In the end Dr. Curtius took a heroic resolve. He sent for the curator of Berlin's Anthropological Museum and asked him to provide an East African skull. The savant explained that this was easier said than done; what kind of East African skull was required? There were three kinds. He gave their full scientific names and classification together with an expose of their leading characteristics. To which of the three had the head of the late lamented Sultan Makaua belonged? Echo answered: to which?

"Give us all three!" said Dr. Curtius with Solomonlike wisdom. So three negro skulls were sent to London. There experts from the Colonial Office, and doubtless from the British Museum, are pouring over them anxiously, trying to make up their minds which to send to East Africa as the real original one.

And thus, history made in this year of grace nineteen hundred and thirty.—Trans-ocean.

HELIUM GAS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN
ESTHONIA.

Berlin, Oct. 14.

With Europe's armies still depressed by the terrible disaster that befell the giant British airship R101, and which caused such an enormous loss of life, chiefly on account of the hydrogen, an important discovery which promises to give a fresh impetus to airship building has been made. In Esthonia, where mining engineers have discovered the presence of large quantities of helium gas, which samples have already been sent to Germany for analysis. Should this examination prove satisfactory, the United States monopoly will be broken and it will be possible to supply Germany with sufficient quantities of non-inflammable gas for their airships.

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Sport Columns

ATHLETIC V. STUDY ONCE AGAIN.

Rugby International on
"Too Much Sport."

OTHER OPINIONS.

An article in a Harrow School magazine by Mr. I. M. B. Stuart, the master in charge of Rugby football at Harrow, and an old Irish International Rugby player, has caused a mild buzz of excitement in Public School sporting circles.

He attacked quite unmercifully the over indulgence in athletics and sounded a deep note of warning against schools which did not keep sport "in its proper place." Contained in his article were extracts from a book which he intends to publish shortly.

"I have seen men at the University, he writes, 'fitter away the best years of their lives because they had allowed themselves also to be obsessed with the desire for a 'Blue'; and out in the world I have seen men swept off their feet by the glamour of the crowd, scamping their work, some not even working at all, full of the false idea that they could make up for lost time when their Rugby days were over. There is nothing so futile in the world as the notion of the crowd, whose memory is so short."

Another sentence reads: "I have seen too many men whose lives were ruined by an over-devotion to Rugby football, and, indeed, to all forms of sport."

Mr. Stuart in an interview with a Morning Post representative, deprecated the taking of isolated sentences from the book which, he stated, gave them an exaggerated importance when divorced from the context. "There is no one fonder of Rugby football than I am myself," he added. He declined to "enter into any controversy" concerning the indulgence in sport at Harrow.

Other Opinions.

The following opinions of masters and others on the position occupied by games at other Public Schools are of interest in the light of Mr. Stuart's criticisms.

Eton—"There is not too much sport at Eton. But there are too many compulsory games. There must be a system to prevent boys from shirking. Most of the boys take part in ordinary athletics which are not compulsory. Speaking generally, games are not allowed to interfere with the boys' work, but in the summer half cricket is sometimes detrimental when the house matches are in full swing, because they take so much time, and boys find it difficult to get in their school work and private study."

Rugby School.

Rugby—"Practically every game is played at Rugby, except Association football. We naturally encourage sport of all forms; in fact, games are obligatory up to a point, but sport is not made a fetish here."

Stowe—"Sport is not allowed to take precedence over the proper school curriculum."

Repton—"As to sport being allowed to menace the boys' future, we are almost over-organized to prevent that. Our system is such that every boy is able to play, in rotation in one or other of his house teams on all his half-holidays, but the work is not allowed to suffer."

Clifton—"We are careful to see that games do not interfere with study."

Hallebury—"We have pretty well the exact balance between work and sport as factors in school life."

Malvern—"All boys have equal opportunities for sport, but sport has its own place in our life, and a very definite place. It is never allowed to go beyond that place in the school curriculum."

Warwick—"To play the game is a big achievement in a youth's career. We give him every opportunity, but do not in any way allow this to interfere with his study."

LUNATIC REFEREES MATCH.

ONLY TEN MINUTES.

For ten glorious minutes an escaped lunatic refereed a football match at Mendislo, near Como, says a British United Press message from Rome. Schoolboys were playing a game when the madman insisted on officiating. The match proceeded amicably until the warders arrived and carried off the referee.

TEST MATCH IN AUSTRALIA.

West Indies Lose by
Ten Wickets.

CAPTAIN'S INNINGS.

Adelaide, Yesterday. Australia were successful in their first Test match against the West Indian touring side here today by the margin of ten wickets. There are yet four other Tests to be played to complete the series. The following were the scores:—

Australia 376 (A. F. Kippax 146, S. McCabe 90).
172-0 (W. H. Ponsford 92, A. Jackson 70).
West Indies 296 (G. C. Grant (captain) 53 not out).
249 (G. C. Grant (captain) 71 not out).
—Reuter.

Our Sports Diary.

LOCAL.

GOLF To-morrow — First Round of Taggart Cup.
Saturday and Sunday — R.H.K.G.C. Bogey Pool; K.G.C. Captain's Cup.

Sunday — K.G.C. Junior Championship (First Round).
FENCING — Monday — Fencing Club Meeting, Yacht Club, 5.45 p.m.

CHESS — Friday — Kowloon Chess Club Championship.
Tuesday — Kowloon Chess Club Championship.

FANLING HUNT — To-day — Hung Lin (Sha Tau Kok Road), 3.15 p.m.

Saturday — Sheung Shui, Police Station, 3.15 p.m.
December 24 — Fanling Station, 3.15 p.m.

December 26 — Hunters' Arms, 8.15 p.m.
December 31 — Kennels, 3.15 p.m.

FOOTBALL — Saturday — First Division — Kowloon v. Borderers; Highlanders v. Recreation; South China v. St. Joseph's; Navy v. Police; Royal Artillery v. Chinese; Second Division — Navy v. Recreation; South China v. St. Joseph's; Kowloon v. Borderers; Royal Artillery v. Club; Eastern v. University; Chinese v. Highlanders; Third Division — Royal Engineers v. Chinese; Fukien v. Borderers; Royal Air Force v. South China; E.A.S.C. v. Eastern.

Christmas Day — Sunday Herald Cup — Scotland v. England (Charity Match).

Boxing Day — Sunday Herald Cup — China v. Portugal (Charity Match).

New Year's Day — League v. The Services (Charity Match).

CRICKET — Saturday — Division I — Craigengower v. University (L); Civil Service v. Diocesan Boys' School (F); Hong Kong C.C. Under 30 v. Over 30; Division II — E.A.S.C. v. Royal Signals (L); University v. Craigengower (L); Recreation v. Royal Engineers (F); Police v. Civil Service (F).

RUGBY FOOTBALL — Saturday — Rugby Club v. S.W. Borderers.

RACING — Sunday — Fanling Hunt Club's Steeplechase Meeting.

January 15 — Fanling Hunt Club's Steeplechase Meeting.

January 18 — Fanling Hunt Club's Steeplechase Meeting.

TENNIS — December 28 — U.S.R.C. Tournament Entries Close, 6.30 p.m.

January 11 — U.S.R.C. Tournament — First Rounds Close.

January 10 — U.S.R.C. Tournament — Second Rounds Close.

BOXING — January 3 — Tournament, City Hall, 9 p.m.

ATHLETICS — March 15 and 16 — Hong Kong v. Canton Universities.

INMAN'S NEW INVENTION.

GOLF AND BILLIARDS

"Banking" is a new game, which is a mixture of midge golf and billiards. It has been invented by Mr. Melbourne Inman, the billiards player.

The course is laid on a felt by 2ft. billiards table, and a cue is used in place of a club to drive the ball into the nine little red tin caps which take the place of the holes. The holes are surrounded by cloth-covered "banks" and hazards, and the course is lined with miniature "bunkers."

It is impossible to drive the ball straight into the holes, and the only way of scoring is to spin round the banks and hazards or to drive in off the cushions.

"A good player should be able to do the nine holes in twelve shots," said Mr. Inman, driving the ball most of the way round the table to place it spinning in the first cap. "It is entirely a game of skill."

"I grew tired of ordinary billiards. The game needed some novelty."

WALTER LINDRUM AGAIN.

Breaks Two World
Records.

3,905 BREAK!

London, Yesterday. Walter Lindrum, playing against McConachy, broke his own world record break of 3,262 points made last year by compiling 3,905 points full.

This also broke another world record—as it is the highest break yet recorded in one single session. —Reuter.

BRITISH TRIUMPH IN AVIATION.

200 M.P.H.

In a competition held in Belgium to select fighting aeroplanes for the Belgian Air Force the winning machine, was the British "Firefly II," designed and built by the Fairey Aviation Company, of Hayes, Middlesex, and driven by a Rolls-Royce engine of 650 h.p.

It is claimed that this machine is the fastest aircraft of its type in the world, with a speed of more than 200 miles an hour, even when carrying a full military load.

The Belgian Government has ordered 45 of these machines.

U.S. HOLD 1ST GRAND NATIONAL.

Texas Course Similar
to Aintree.

MANY SPILLS.

Galatin, Texas, Dec. 6.

The first Grasslands International Steeplechase was won today by Alligator, owned by Mrs. M. K. Stevenson of New York.

The race was run on the Grasslands course, which has been constructed on similar lines to the English Grand National Steeplechase course at Aintree. The course forms a part of the project of a body of leading American sportsmen, who are striving to revive fox-hunting in America.

Three British horses were entered for the race, but ran unplaced. Eric Latterbury, the rider of the English horse Kilbairn, was badly thrown and is suffering from slight concussion.

Only three horses finished. All the seventeen runners fell at one or other of the 26 jumps.

RUGBY PROGRESS IN AUSTRALIA.

PROPOSED UNION.

Sydney, Nov. 17.

At to-night's meeting of the New South Wales Rugby Union a letter from the French Rugby Federation, intimating that it would be pleased to visit Australia in 1932, was received. In view of the heavy expense involved and the necessity of New Zealand's co-operation, it was decided to await a reply from the Dominion before accepting the invitation.

The draft constitution of the proposed Australian Rugby Union was approved. It was proposed that New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria and Western Australia should form the union. Representation will be: New South Wales, three delegates; Queensland, two; and Victoria and Western Australia, one each. The West Australian delegate will not have voting power. The chairman will for the next three years be a New South Wales delegate, with a deliberative as well as a casting vote. One of the functions of the Australian Union, according to the draft proposals, will be the control of all arrangements in connection with international and interstate tours and the appointment of Australian selectors.

ENGLAND FULL-BACK
INJURED.

2 STITCHES IN HEAD.

T. W. Brown, the England and Bristol full back, who was recently injured in the match between Oxford University and Major Stanley's XV, at Oxford, has had two stitches inserted in the wound in his head.

The news will be very unwelcome to the Rugby Union selectors, who will soon meet to select the teams for the first international trial match.

Brown played against Scotland, Ireland, Wales and France in 1928-9, but last season, owing to injuries and ill-health, dropped out of the running for international honours.

It has occurred to me more than once that promoters in London would be wise to turn their eyes across the Border now and then for likely boxers. After all, it is not so long since Scotland almost swept

IN DEFENCE OF THE PROFESSIONAL

ANOMALIES OF AMATEURISM

WELL-KNOWN "PROS" IN SOCCER
AND GOLF.

INDIRECT INCOMES

(By A. C. R.)

I once tried to show that the professional in sport is worthy of more respect than he generally gets, and that the deference with which the amateur is commonly received is more exaggerated than it should be, writes A.C.R. in the Evening Dispatch.

The relative standing of the two has been for so long unchallenged that we have come to regard it almost as part of the natural order of affairs.

No Direct Payment.

The more one considers that matter, however, the more one marvels. Amateurs are admired simply because they accept no direct payment. Strictly speaking, next in popular estimation should come the man who makes so little that you hardly notice it.

And so on, down to the lowest of the low, the exceptional professional who brazenly reckons his income in thousands.

In practice, however, the golf "pro," ranks higher than the football "pro." Walter Hagen has doubtless received a word of congratulation from exclusive people, who are not even aware of Hugh Gallacher's existence.

Money Talks.

In other words, money talks, and the stigma attached to being a "pro," decreases as the bank balance rises. That, of course, is just what one would expect in this workaday world, but it is a curious commentary on the sincerity of those who preach the pure gospel of amateurism.

I have already mentioned that few, if any, amateurs, sufficiently expert to become successful "pros," abstain out of altruism. If they do not change their status, it is because it is not worth their while, taking money, social position, and similar factors into account.

Indirect Incomes.

Some amateurs there are, however, who are living exceptions to the rule that you cannot eat your cake and have it. Cricket, golf, and tennis are particularly rich in these personages, who manage to retain all the privileges and prestige of amateurism, and at the same time draw indirect incomes from sport which would make many a hard-working professional green with envy.

They never, of course, soil their hands by accepting a penny for an exhibition of their prowess, or by giving personal instruction. They do, however, pocket fat cheques paid to them for telling an eager public through the medium of newspaper or magazine articles exactly how they do it.

Reputations.

The objection is that the opportunity for turning an honest penny in this way comes to them not because of their ability as journalists, but because of the reputation they have built up at the game they play.

From what one reads, not many amateurs of real eminence could truthfully say that their prowess has not gained them something tangible, even if it amounted to no more than a free holiday at a luxury hotel as the guest of the manager.

Little Lapses.

With the best intentions in the world, it is difficult to avoid these little lapses from virtue. The amateur, who resolved that on no account would he owe anything to his sporting reputation, would probably finish in the madhouse, after a frantic and futile struggle to avoid the pitfalls in his way.

At any rate, it has been suggested that a well-known tennis player, who by profession is an artist, markets her work more readily and more remuneratively than fellow-craftsmen, as skilled as she with pencil or brush, but not with a racket.

Any attempt to stop indirect incomes of that nature would be as absurd and as unsuccessful as King Canute's experiment with the

waves. At the same time, it is patent that there are more ways than one of deriving pecuniary advantage from prowess at games.

In the circumstances it seems to me no more sensible to insist on a rigid division between professionals and amateurs than it would be to classify all the occupants of a stable as horses and donkeys, ignoring that hybrid animal, the mule.

Prejudiced Applause.

One other aspect of the problem of amateurism and professionalism remains to be touched on. There is usually a burst of applause when an amateur beats a professional "at his own game."

It may well be, however, that all the initial advantages are on the side of the particular amateur. In many cases he gets first-class tuition in youth; the professional is almost invariably self-taught. Theoretically, no doubt, the "pro," has more time at his disposal, but in games like golf or tennis, much of it is taken up by duties, such as teaching, which do not improve his own play.

Advantages.

Professionals undoubtedly have an advantage over the spare-time amateur, but plainly they are in a worse position than the full-time amateur, who is by no means a rare bird nowadays. First-class tennis at the moment is the preserve of people who are never away from the courts.

In summer we read of their performances at Wimbledon. The rigours of autumn are passed under a covered court, and still their light is not hidden. In winter we are cheered by pictures of them carrying on the good work in the sunshine of the Riviera. Possibly they believe it when some London journalist, with tongue in cheek, compliments them on their contribution towards the restoration of British prestige.

Suppositions.

Their fondness for tennis is of course thoroughly wholesome, and they are lucky to be able to follow their heart. But imagine the case of a hairdresser's assistant with a mania for hitting a ball over a net and exceptionally skilled in doing it.

If he felt that tennis, not hair-cutting, was his real vocation, how else could he make his contribution towards restoring British prestige, save by taking payment for displaying his skill?

Not For Pelf.

But the purity of his motives would count for nothing, even if he only accepted enough to keep body and soul together. The nasty word "professional" would place him beyond the pale, and effectively debar him from competing on level terms with those fortunate beings whose possession of well-to-do papas permits them to play for pleasure and plaudits, but not for pelf.

The distinction between amateur and professional, logically difficult to justify at any time owing to the variety of ways in which pecuniary advantage may be reaped, loses any value it ever had through the appearance of this class of full-time amateurs. Abstinence from professionalism is not a merit on their part, since they have time and money to spare.

New Idea Expressed.

A more useful line of demarcation would be between "full-timers" and "spare-timers," ignoring entirely whether they were paid directly, paid indirectly, or paid not at all.

As at present, everybody with the requisite ability would be eligible for the Open Championships. Only those in regular employment in trade or business would be allowed to compete in the spare-time championships—subject, of course, to the qualification that nobody in possession of a certificate from a Labour Exchange that he was "genuinely seeking work" would be excluded. It is an idea with possibilities.

It has occurred to me more than once that promoters in London would be wise to turn their eyes across the Border now and then for likely boxers. After all, it is not so long since Scotland almost swept

the board so far as British titles were concerned, and, on the whole, I am inclined to think the boys from the Land of Cakes seem to receive more careful and thorough training than Southerners. Jeff Barr.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

RADIO NOTICES

The Radio Office, where full information concerning all wireless services may be obtained at all times, is situated on the ground floor of the P. & O. Building in Des Voeux Road, next to the General Post Office.

Individuals and firms are recommended to register their telegraphic addresses at the Radio Office. No charge is made for this.

INWARD MAILS

From	Per
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17.	
Calcutta and Straits	Kut Sang
Japan	Tjipanas
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18.	
Shanghai and Amoy	Sinkiang
Java and Manila	Tjisaroca
Canada, U.S.A., Honolulu, Japan & Shanghai (Vancouver, B.C. Nov. 27) & Europe via Siberia (London, Nov. 29)	Empress of Canada
Europe via Suez (Letters and Papers, London, Nov. 20 and Parcels, Nov. 13)	Kashmir
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.	
Japan	Kamakura Maru
Java	Bantam
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21.	
Shanghai and Amoy	Tjibadak
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23.	
Java	Japara
Japan and Shanghai	Angers

OUTWARD MAILS

For	Per
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17.	
Amoy	Tai Yuan 3.30 p.m.
Samshui & Wuchow	Kong Ning 4 p.m.
Japan, Canada, U.S.A., C. and S. America and *Europe via Victoria, B.C.	
Helan Maru	(Due Victoria, B.C., Jan. 7, 1931.)
Registration	Dec. 17, 4.15 p.m.
Letters	5 p.m.
Shanghai and *Europe via Siberia	
Helan Maru	(Due Victoria, B.C., Jan. 13, 1931.)
Registration	Dec. 17, 5 p.m.
Letters	5 p.m.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18.	
Hoihow, Pakhoi and *Haiphong	Limchow 8.30 a.m.
Amoy and Formosa via Swatow	Deli Maru 8.30 a.m.
Japan and *Canada	Teucer 10.30 a.m.
(Due Victoria, B.C., Jan. 13, 1931.)	
Straits	Van Heutsz 10.30 a.m.
Hoihow and Bangkok	Kwelyang 10.30 a.m.
Swatow	Hydrangea 3 p.m.
Manila	Empress of Canada 5 p.m.
Amoy	Kut Sang 5 p.m.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19.	
Shanghai, Japan and *Europe via Siberia	Kashmir 10.30 a.m.
Swatow, Amoy and Foochow	Hai Yang 1 p.m.
Haiphong	Canton 2.30 p.m.
Shanghai	Benvenue 4.30 p.m.
Straits, Ceylon, India, Mauritius, E. & S. Africa, Aden, Egypt & Europe via Marseilles	
Kalyan	(Due Marseilles, Jan. 17, 1931.)
Registration	Dec. 19, 5 p.m.
Letters	10.30 a.m.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.	
Straits	Cyclops 2.30 p.m.
Shanghai, Japan, Honolulu, *Canada, *U.S.A., *C. & S. America and *Europe via San Francisco	
Taiyo Maru	(Due San Francisco, Jan. 14, 1931 and *Europe via Siberia.)
Registration	Dec. 20, 4.15 p.m.
Letters	5 p.m.
Chip Shing	5 p.m.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21.	
Bangkok via Swatow	Kwangchow 8.30 a.m.
Swatow, *Amoy and Formosa	Canton Maru 9 a.m.
Amoy	Antung 9 a.m.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 22.	
Sandakan	Mau Sang 10.30 a.m.
Straits and East Africa via Mombasa and South Africa via Lourenco Marques	
Kamakura Maru	2.30 p.m.
President Grant	(Due Victoria, B.C., Jan. 9, 1931.)
Registration	Dec. 22, 3 p.m.
Letters	4.15 p.m.
Shanghai & *Europe via Siberia	
President Grant	(Due Victoria, B.C., Jan. 9, 1931.)
Registration	Dec. 22, 5 p.m.
Letters	5 p.m.

*Superscribed correspondence only.

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FOOTBALL.

CORRECTION IN THIRD DIVISION RESULT.

In the report of the Third Division match between the Royal Engineers and the South Wales Borderers in Monday's issue the latter were credited with a goal to nil victory. This we are informed is incorrect, the Engineers having won by a goal scored by Morgan, their centre forward.

Below we append the correct positions of the respective teams in the League table:—

	Goals.
P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts.	
Borderers	9 5 3 1 23 15 11
R.E.	7 4 2 1 15 14 9

WATER RETURN

The level and storage of water in our reservoirs on December 1, is as under:—

City and Hill District.	1929	1930
Tytam	9' 8" B 10' 3" B	
Tytam Byewash	20' 0" B 23' 8" B	
Tytam Intermediate	0' 4" B 0' 1" B	
Tytam Tuk	21' 9" B 7' 9" B	
Pong Nei Chung	15' 0" B 14' 3" B	
Pokfulam	7' 4" B 16' 3" B	
(Note: B. denotes "Below Overflow"; A. denotes "Above Overflow"; L. denotes "Level with Overflow".)		
Storage in millions and decimals of gallons.		
Tytam	307.44	361.12
Tytam Byewash	2.68	1.22
Tytam Intermediate	194.02	195.43
Tytam Tuk	942.01	1,250.00
Pong Nei Chung	13.27	14.44
Pokfulam	49.98	30.58

Total 1,509.40 1,852.79

Consumption of water in the City and Hill District in millions and decimals of gallons during the month of November.

	1929	1930
Consumption	212.32	295.56
Estimated population	437,720	448,040
Consumption per head per day	16.1	22.0
* Includes 41.30 million gallons from Mainland.		

From November 1, 1929, to November 1, 1930, a 15 hours supply (6 a.m.—9 p.m.) was given to all Rides Main Districts. Principal Mains closed (9 p.m.—5 a.m.).

From 13th to 30th inclusive a 12 hours supply (5 a.m.—5 p.m.) was given to all Rides Main Districts. Principal Mains closed 6 p.m.—6 a.m. November, 1930. Constant supply throughout the City, Hill and High Level districts during the whole month with the exception of the districts West of Eastern Street where a constant street fountain supply was operated from November 3 to 30, 1930.

	1929	1930
Kowloon Reservoir	3' 0" A 0' 1" A	
Shek Lai Pui	8' 10" B 0' 7" B	
Reservoir	2' 7" B 0' 7" B	
Reception Reservoir	2' 7" B 0' 7" B	
Storage in millions and decimals of gallons.		
Kowloon Reservoir	985.00	353.38
Shek Lai Pui	82.98	113.70
Reservoir	25.40	31.61
Reception Reservoir		

Total 494.38 498.69

Consumption of water in Kowloon in millions and decimals of gallons during the month of November.

	1929	1930
Consumption	114.11	135.31
Estimated population	172,840	177,880
Consumption per head per day	22.0	25.3

The Government Analyst's report show that the quality of the water is satisfactory.

Total rainfall: November 30, 1929, 69.41; November 30, 1930, 95.20.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

CLUB TEAM FOR TO-DAY.

The following will represent the Club "A" v. United Services "A" to-day at 4.45 p.m. on the Club ground.

S. J. H. Fox; C. E. Holmes; I. H. M. McCreedy; G. P. Lammer; C. J. D. Law; M. W. Turner; J. H. King; E. F. Buttress; W. Hartley; W. F. Leckie; J. A. E. Kendrew; Y. Cochrane; Atkinson; W. F. Peers and A. N. Other.

The China Mail

has acquired the exclusive services of "Scrum Half" for the Rugby season.

Do not miss his descriptions in

The China Mail.

BRITISH DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE.

YEAR'S AWARDS.

It was announced at the November council meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association that Great Britain will issue a challenge for the Davis Cup.

The following awards of international badges were made: Wightman Cup Brooch—Mrs. T. M. Maytord; L.T.A. and British Badges—J. S. Ollif, L.T.A. Badge H. F. David, H. K. Lester, E. C. Peters, Mrs. R. E. Haylock, Miss P. E. Mudford, and Miss E. Round.

NURMI'S COUSIN SHOT.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Washington, Nov. 21.

The mysterious death of Aarvi Nurmi, the 26-year-old cousin of the famous Finnish runner, Pavo Nurmi, is engaging the attention of the Washington police.

The body of Aarvi Nurmi, who was recently engaged in work in connection with the census, was found lying in the street in one of the suburbs with a shot wound in the head. Nurmi had been to a party.

What will happen will be that Bradman will be feted and dined and made much of as the world's best batsman, and then the powers that be will take him on one side, tell him he has been a naughty boy and that he mustn't do it again. To tell you the truth, I don't think the Australian Board of Control is quite big enough to discipline the Dominion's national hero. An Australian critic or Bradman's alleged breach of contract.

I would describe "all-in" wrestling as a mixture of knuckle fighting, American football, and a street brawl.—Trevor C. Wignall.

EXCHANGES.

TO-DAY'S QUOTATIONS.

On London—

Bank, wire 1/1 1/2
Bank, on demand 1/1 1/2
Bank, 4 months' sight 1/1 13/16
Credits, 4 months' sight 1/1 15/16
Documentary, 4 months' sight 1/1 15/16

On Paris—

On demand 675

Credits, 4 months' sight 715

On New York—

On demand 26 9/16

Credits, 60 days' sight 27 11/16

On Bombay—

Wire 73 1/2

On Calcutta—

Wire 73 1/2

On Singapore—

On demand 47 1/2

On Manila—

On demand 53 1/2

On Shanghai—

On demand Tls. 76 3/4

Dollar 5% dis.

On Yokohama—

On demand 53 1/2

Sovereigns (Bank's buying rate) 1/1 1/2

Silver (per oz.) 14 1/2

Bar Silver in Hong Kong 4% prem.

Copper Cash Nominal

Copper Cents 3% prem.

Rate of Native Interest 3 1/2% p.a.

Chinese Sub. Coin 23 1/4% dis.

Hong Kong Sub. Coin Par.

LONDON EXCHANGES

Rugby, Yesterday.

Paris 123.59 1/2

New York 4.85 19/32

Brussels 34.26 1/2

Geneva 25.02 1/2

Amsterdam 12.05 1/2

Milan 92.72 1/2

Berlin 20.37 1/2

Stockholm 18.09 1/2

Copenhagen 18.15 1/2

Oslo 18.16

Vienna 34.47 1/2

Prague 163 1/2

Helsingfors 193

Madrid 47.20

Lisbon 108.25

Athens 375

Bucharest 818

Rio 4 11/16

Buenos Aires 37 3/32

Montevideo 36 1/4

Bombay 1/5 1/2

Shanghai 1/5 1/2

Hong Kong 1/1 1/2

Yokohama 2/0 11/32

Silver Spot 14 1/2

Silver Forward 14 1/2

—British Wireless Service.

I believe in the motto that it is better to have a shot and miss than never to have shot at all.—Alec Jaman.

The Pugilists' Prayer.—Let who will be clever, but give me, oh god of battles, the punch that brings the bacon home.—Fred Dartnell.

HONG KONG STOCK EXCHANGE

Opening Daily Official Quotations 17th Dec., 1930.

STOCK	Buy- ers	Sell- ers	Sales	Nom.	Fin. year	Last dividend and when paid	
Banks.							
Hong Kong Bank	1785	...	1740	...	Dec.	{Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930 ex. 1/21-1/24-1/25}	Aug. 11, 30
Chartered Bank	...	...	...	18 1/2	Dec.	Interim 7% free 1/21-1/24-1/25	Sep. — 30
Mercantile Bk., A.B., C. 2	...	...	...	27	Dec.	{Interim 7% a/c 1930 less 1/21-1/24-1/25}	Sep. — 30
Bank of Asia	115	...	...	...	Dec.	\$3 for 1929	Feb. 25, 30
Insurance.							
Canton Ins.	...	...	1230	...	Dec.	{Final 2 1/2 for 1929 Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930 for 1930 and 1931 Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930}	May 15, 30
Union Ins.	512	...	512	...	Dec.	{Interim 2 1/2 for 1929 Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930}	May 30, 30
*China Underwriters ..	3	3.10	...	...	Dec.	None	...
China Fire Ins.	400	...	...	...	Dec.	{Final 2 1/2 bonus \$0 Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930}	May 30, 30
H. K. Fire Ins.	...	...	1215	...	Dec.	{Interim 2 1/2 a/c 1930 \$47 for 1929}	Mar. 25, 30
Shipping.							
Douglases	...	38 1/2	...	...	Dec.	Last dividend for 1929	...
H. K. Steamships	...	31	...	...	Dec.	\$1-30 for 1929	Mar. 4, 30
Indo-China (Def.)	...	...	40	...	Dec.	{1 1/2 ex. 2 1/2 on preferred for 1924 and 1925}	June 19, 30
(Pref.)	...	...	24	...	Dec.	Last dividend for 1929	...
Shell Transport	...	...	74 1/4	...	Dec.	{Interim 2 1/2 Coupon No. 57 for 1929 and 1930}	Pending
Union Waterboats	...	...	39	...	Dec.	\$1-30 for 1929	Mar. 10, 30
Mining.							
Benguet	11	...	...	...	Dec.	{Interim 15 bonus \$ making 60 cents a/c 1930 for 1929 and 1930 Interim 1 1/2 free 1/21-1/24-1/25 Coupon No. 57 year 30-33}	Sept. 30, 30
Kailan Mining Ad. s/	...	...	31 1/2	...	June	Interim 1 1/2 free 1/21-1/24-1/25	June — 30
Laghat	...	...	8 1/2	...	Oct.	T. 3-30 for year 31-10-30	May 5, 30
S'hai Exploration	1.00	...	...	...	Dec.	None	...
Loans	6 1/2	...	...	...	Dec.	Interim T. 2 1/2 a/c 1930	July 1, 30
*Raub	83 1/2	...	...	...	Mar.	{Second last 31-1/2 a/c 1930 year 31-1/2}	Dec. 15, 30
Docks, Wharves, Godowns, &c.							
H. K. & K. Wharves	...	174	...	...	Dec.	\$9 for 1929	Mar. 15, 30
H. K. & W. Docks	...	...	30.85	...	Dec.	Last dividend for 1929	...
South Ch. Motors	...	...	10	...	...	...	...
*China Providents (old)	5.30	5.40	...	...	Dec.	Last dividend for 1929	...
(new)	2.55	...	...	...	Dec.	Interim T. 2 a/c 1930	Sept. 13, 30
Hongkew	...	...	284	...	Dec.	T. 0.50 for 1929	Feb. 25, 30
N. Engineering	...	...	7.10	...	Apr.	T. 7 for year 30-4-30	July 30, 30
Shanghai Docks	...	...	114	...	Apr.	...	...
Lands, Hotels & Buildings.							
*H. K. & S. Hotels	11 1/2	11.70	11.55	...	Dec.	\$0 cents for 1929	Apr. 7, 30
H.K. Lands (old)	84 1/2	84	84 1/2	...	Dec.	...	...
(new)	82	83	...	...	Dec.	Interim \$2 a/c 1930	Aug. 8, 30
" Rights	...	21	20 1/2	...	Dec.	Interim T. 2 a/c 1930	July 31, 30
Shanghai Lands	82 1/2	...	...	...	Dec.	Interim T. 2 a/c 1930	May 7, 30
Humphreys	17.30	17.40	17.40	...	Dec.	Interim 30 cents a/c 1930	Sep. 4, 30
H. K. Realities	...	...	5 1/2	...	Dec.	\$5 for year 30-5-30	July 31, 30
Chinese Estates	...	...	87	...	Feb.	...	...
Cotton Mills.							
*Ewo Cotton	11.60	...	...	...	Dec.	{Final T. 2 a/c 1929 T. 3-25 for half year 31-10-30}	Mar. 17, 30
Shanghai Cotton	...	...	79 1/2	...	Dec.	T. 0-30 for year 30-5-30	Nov. 29, 30
Zoeng Sings	9	...	9 1/2	...	June	...	Oct. 11, 30
Public Utilities.							
*H. K. Tramways	17.00	...	...	...	Dec.	Interim 40 cents a/c 1930	Aug. 27, 30
Peak Tram (old)	...	...	14 1/2	...	Apr.	{50 cts. on old for year 40 cents on new} 3-4-30	Jan. 16, 30
(new)	...	...	63	...	Apr.	\$4 for 1929	Feb. 14, 30
Sar Ferris	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	...	Sept.	Final 50 cts. a/c for year 30-9-30	Dec. 15, 30
*China Light (old)	26 1/2	25.60	...	...	Sept.	\$2.50 for 1929	Mar. 19, 30
(new)	...	...	...	...	Dec.	...	...
H. K. Electric	81	31	...	...	Dec.	...	...
Macao	...	...	23	...	June	None	...
Sandakan Lights	11.80	...	...	...	Dec.	Int. {41 cents 10 cents} a/c 1930	Aug. 1, 30
H.K. Tels. fully paid	...	...	35 1/2	...	Dec.	T. 2.00 for 1929	Feb. 25, 30
" part paid	23.80	...	19.00	...	Dec.	{1 1/2 on preference shares Subject to income tax}	Feb. 6, 30
China Buss	...	...	...	...	Sept.	...	...
S'pore Traction (Ord.) ..	7 1/2	...	10 1/2	...	Sept.	...	...
(Pref.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Industrials.							
China Sugars	80 cts.	...	...	...	Dec.	In Liquidation	...
Maliban Sugars	...	...	27	...	Dec.	P. 3 for 1929	Apr. 11, 30
Cald. Macg. Ord.	...	...	102	...	Dec.	{T. 0.20 T. 0.05} 7 months 1929	Apr. 30, 30
" Pref.	...	...	10.40	...	July	...	...
Canton Locom.	...	3.80	...	...	July	...	...
*Cements (com.)	17.90	17.90	18	...	Dec.	{20 cents on old 10 cents on new} for 1929	Mar. 19, 30
(old)	13 1/2	...	5.20	...	Dec.	Last dividend for 1929	...
H. K. Ropes	11.40	11.45	11.40	...	...	...	...
United Asbestos	...	...	5	...	...	...	...
Stores, &c.							
Dairy Farms C/R	27 1/2	...	...	...	Dec.	\$1.50 for 1929	Mar. 14, 30
" X/R	...	...	15	...	Dec.	...	...
" Rights	8.05	...	...	...	Oct.	70 cents for year 31-10-30	Mar. 31, 30
Wasons	13 1/2	...	...	...	Oct.	...	...
Der A Wings	...	...	1	...	Feb.	Last dividend for year 23-2-23	...
Lanc Crawfords	...	...	3.70	...	Feb.	\$3 for year 33-3-30	May 15, 30
Mackintosh	19	...	...	...	Feb.	...	June 10, 29
Sincere	12	...	...	...	Feb.	...	...
Wm. Powells	...	...	4.35	...	Feb.	...	...
Miscellaneous.							
H.K. Amusement	...	...	23	...	Mar.	{(\$2.50 on Preferred) for year (\$1.40 on Deferred) 31-8-30}	Sept. 27, 30
Ch. Entertainment	...	...	15 1/2	...	Dec.	None	...
H. K. Constructors	4	...	...	...	Dec.	None	...
B. Ind. G. S. Bonds	70%	...	...	...	...	Interest half yearly	...
H. K. Govt. Loans	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
*Speculative shares. *Sales to Shanghai.							

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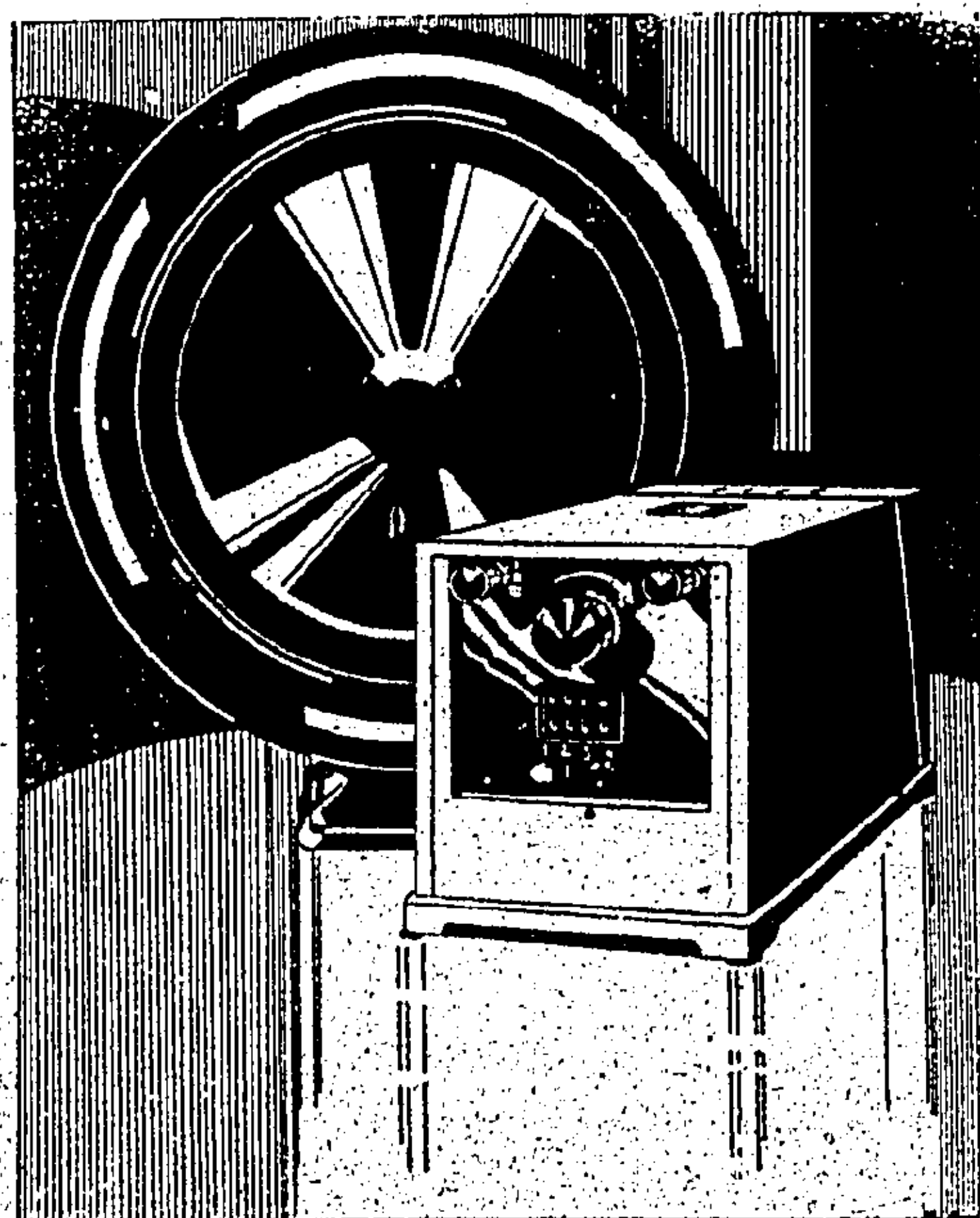
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product can give.

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an entirely new level. And yet the
Philips Casaphone, that splendid com-
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WAR IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS.

"Some Accident May
Happen."

FORECAST OF H. G. WELLS.

Peace workers from all parts of
Great Britain gathered in the
Livingstone Hall, Westminster, re-
cently to discuss "The Strategy of
Peace" at a conference organised
by the National Council for the
Prevention of War.

Professor Gilbert Murray, who
presided at the opening session,
suggested that there was need for
concord among the peace forces in
the country. "Reformers are apt
to differ among themselves," he
said, "and perhaps it is true that
pacifists are unusually pugnacious."

The real danger of war would
come from the ordinary, lazy,
selfish elector who, when any
crisis arose and when he was asked
to make some sacrifice, wanted
to know why it was necessary to
trouble about other nations in
Asia and the Far East.

Mr. H. G. Wells expressed the
view that in a few years' time
there may be another war. It had
been said that there would be
twenty-five years' breathing space.
He did not believe there would be
anything like that time.

He had had, he said, some
glimpses of the state of affairs in
Italy, Germany, and France recently,
and he thought an outbreak of
war in the Near East was quite a
possible thing in a few years.
Some sort of accident might hap-
pen, even next year, or the year
after that.

"Bad Thinking."

And what were they going to do
when the guns went off? He could
not find out that they had anything
ready at all. Their first duty, it
seemed to him, was to have some
sort of obstacle that would stand
in the way of world war drift.
Every War Office in Europe knew
exactly what they were going to
do in the eventuality of war, but
the peace movement remained dor-
mant.

There was a larger question,
whether it was possible to get rid
of war altogether. Was there a
time coming when there would be
no more war? Under certain con-
ditions he believed such a time
could come and probably would
come. The danger was the increas-
ing pressure between new economic
conditions and the old traditions
of national self-sufficiency.

There had been a preposterous
national struggle to corner gold.
The economic rulers of one country
were playing against another.
They were all infected with this
obsession of national self-suffi-
ciency.

At the bottom of the whole of
the trouble was a peculiar sort of
bad thinking, and the cure was
some sort of effort for changing
the fundamentals of education,
for if, he argued, it is to overcome
modern developments educational
reconstruction was absolutely
necessary. Let them then get
ahead with some sort of organisa-
tion that would check the wayward
drift that was going on in the
world.

Shock Troops for Peace.

The chairman, Dr. F. W. Nor-
wood, asked Mr. Wells what sort
of programme he would suggest
for their activities.

Mr. Wells replied that of course
there were those who, if some
country attacked us and refused
arbitration, would support their
country if the country was
in the right. But now was
the time to organise them-
selves definitely and for those
whom he would call the shock
troops to say to the men in office,
"If you get us into war we don't
play." That would be an extra-
ordinarily definite course for them
to take, saying, "I won't fight, and
I won't pay taxes."

At the same time, he said, reply-
ing to other questions, probably
half the young men in England,
France and Germany under the
age of twenty-five, find a tremen-
dous fascination in war. Half the
peoples who went to see "Journey's
End" said "This is life." A lot of
the young men these days were
finding life rather dull, there was
not enough employment, business
openings were not attractive, and
he did not think those young men
were going to dislike the beginning
of the next war. But when it was
over they would say "The old men
put us in it."

What Pacifists Might Do.

"If war breaks out, say, on the
Albanian frontier next year, what

RADIO

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

The following programme will
be broadcast to-day from the
Hong Kong Broadcasting Station
Z.B.W. on a wavelength of 355
metres:—

4.30-7.15 p.m. (approx.)—Special
Relay of the Matinee Performance
of the "Yeomen of the Guard" for
the Hospitals.

7.15 p.m.—European Programme
of Columbia Records selected and
supplied by Messrs. Anderson
Music Co.

7.15-7.45 p.m.—Operatic Selec-
tions.

Faust... Milan Symphony Orchestra
(9872).

La Gioconda...
Madame Butterfly,
La Scala Chorus of Milan
(4801).

Mignon... Milan Symphony Orchestra
(9759).

La Bohème...
Albert Sandler & His Grand
Hotel (Eastbourne)
Orchestra (4542).

7.45-8.40 p.m.—Orchestral.

Light Cavalry,
Court Symphony Orchestra
(DX42).

Four Ways Suite—
Northwards,
Southwards,
Regal Cinema Orchestra
(9759).

Four Ways Suite—
Eastwards,
Westwards,
Regal Cinema Orchestra
(9757).

Nell Gwyn Dances—
Country Dance,
Pastoral Dance,
H.M. Grenadier Guards
(4971).

Nell Gwyn Dances—
Merry Makers' Dance,
H.M. Grenadier Guards
(4972).

A Midsummer Night's Dream,
The New Queen's Hall Orch.
(9569-60-40140-41).

8.40-9 p.m.—John Drinkwater
Reading His Own Poems.

9 p.m.—Weather Report, Local
Time, etc.

9.05-9.30 p.m.—Experimental Re-
lay Period.

9.30-10 p.m.—Concert Items:
Orchestral—
C'est Vous,
Walt... The Grand Hotel (East-
bourne) Orchestra
(4691).

Song—
Robin Adair,
The Salisbury Singers (4644).

Violin Solo—
Song of India,
Xoyanovitch Bratan (4623).

Duet—
At Love's Beginning,
Dora Labette and Norman
Allen (4739).

Xylophone Solo—
Minuet... Rudy Starita (4782).

Song—
Absence... The Salisbury Singers
(4488).

Octet—Romance,
J. H. Squire Celeste Octet
(5219).

10.10-10.20 p.m.—Band Selections:
Nails,
Our Director,
Band of the Royal Air Force
(5136).

Toe Dances,
Sailor's Hornpipe,
The Salisbury Singers
(4758).

Skit Dance,
Sword Dance,
Highland Military Band
(4591).

10.20-10.30 p.m.—Organ Solo,
Pastoral, Organ and Chorus,
(4592).

10.30-10.40 p.m.—Glass Dances.

can we do?" Mr. Wells was next
asked; "and what can we do now
in the danger spots?"

"I wish I knew," he answered.
"I have nothing definite to sug-
gest."

"What methods of education
would you suggest for the
schools?" came from another ques-
tioner.

Time was going on, and Mr.
Wells pointed to the clock. "There's
no short answer to that," he said.
To a suggestion that an effort
should be made to get personal
pledges against all war Mr. Wells
said: "I think that is a very ad-
mirable programme. The human
being is essentially a fighter, and
to turn the fighting spirit against
war would be a fine thing."

Turning-Point Reached.
Mr. Wickham Steed said he
thought the peace movement in
Great Britain and elsewhere had
reached a turning-point.
"All arguments based on the
horrors of war have pretty nearly
reached the limit of their
effectiveness. They are no longer
biting; they begin to pall; they
are not far from being boring. I
think we want to get a great deal
more devilry into this peace cam-
paign."

He stressed the danger of under-
estimating the enemy.

"I prefer to take the Soviet
system quite seriously," he said.
"They mean what they say. They
are out to set up a new form of
civilisation and destroy the whole
horror of bourgeois middle-class
capitalist society. I am not cer-
tain that they are going to fall."

Their aim as pacifists, he added,
should be not merely the preven-
tion of war, but the creation of
peace, and this internationally and
socially, depended upon the re-
moval of suspicion and fear.

Professor Bellisle Burns spoke of
the necessity for international co-
operation. He advocated travel
without stopping at hotels and
looking at ruins, so that some-
thing could be learned of the
modern world, about which very
little was known.

"Teachers," he added, "very
much want to be shown that there
is a modern world that has come
into existence since the Norman
Conquest. Small boys running
about Hampstead Heath with small
rifles do not worry me. It is a
joke. It is medieval. The next
war will be a gas war from the
skies. We are in the spring-time of
peace, and we must not expect the
harvest to-morrow."

As the prison van passed down
the street a man shouted to the
driver: "Got any room inside,
Robert?"

"Yes," returned the policeman,
"we've kept a place for you."

Rather disconcerted, the man in-
quired: "What's the fare?"

"Bread and water," was the re-
ply; "same as you had before!"

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Wednesday, December 17, 1930.
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"GLAUCUS" 19th Dec. For Kobe, Yokohama, Kobe & Y. Hama
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HUGE DRUG HAUL IN NEW YORK.

Over 1,090 lb. Smuggled in Cases of Furs.

NO ARRESTS MADE.

Washington, Yesterday.

Over 1,090 pounds of drugs, described as the largest seizure ever made in the United States, were seized by the Customs authorities in New York Harbor to-day aboard a vessel from Constantinople. The drugs were enclosed in cases of furs. The authorities have not yet succeeded in tracing the smugglers, who are evidently aware of the discovery of the drugs and did not claim the parcels of furs when the vessel docked. — Reuter's American Service.

SUGAR OUTPUT.

HUNGARY'S DEMAND CONCEDED.

PARLEY ADJOURNED.

Brussels, Yesterday. The Sugar Conference has held its last sitting for the purpose of signing the protocol concerning allocation of exports from European sugar producing countries for the next five years, and decided on the following figures:—

Poland	320,000 tons
Czechoslovakia	590,000
Germany	200,000
Hungary	87,500
Belgium	31,500

Thus Hungary's demand for an increased quota has been conceded.

The Cuban-American delegation subsequently made a statement that the conference was adjourned sine die in view of exaggerated German claims. The Cuban-American delegates are going home immediately; while Mr. Chadbourne will remain in Paris till January 5.

It is announced that the Germans will hold an important conference in Berlin shortly. — Reuter.

U.S. IMMIGRATION.

TOTAL SUSPENSION FOR THREE YEARS.

Washington, Yesterday. Representatives of the Immigration Committee have approved the suspension of all immigration to the United States for two years, with the exception of relatives of residents in the United States, who will be permitted to enter until half of the existing quotas are filled. — Reuter's American Service.

PRINCE TALKS TO SALESMEN.

Public Schools Lead the Way.

INDUSTRY'S NEED.

London, Yesterday.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, during a speech at a dinner of Incorporated Sales Managers, appealed for greater efforts in the field of salesmanship to combat the trade depression, and said that salesmen needed the same qualities as the sportsman. He urged the Public Schools and Universities to lead the way by recognising industry's need of the best type of men and employers to show their appreciation of them by being prepared to pay them adequately. — Reuter.

STOP PRESS.

A "restriction of output" has been reached by West African native farmers holding up five million pounds worth of cocoa beans and refusing to accept the average of £22 per ton, compared with £40 last year. It is learned in London that the Governor of the Gold Coast has intervened with the object of negotiating a settlement. — Reuter.

ROYAL CHRISTMAS.

GATHERING OF THREE GENERATIONS.

ALL AT SANDRINGHAM.

Rugby, Yesterday. It is understood that the King and Queen will travel on Monday to Sandringham to spend Christmas quietly with their children and grandchildren. The Duke and Duchess of York and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret will be there and also the Prince of Wales and Prince George, who may fly from London. — British Wireless Service.

OIL CONCESSION.

GRANTED TO STANDARD OIL CO.

Peshawar, Yesterday. It is stated that the Afghan Government has granted the Standard Oil Company of America important oil mining concessions. — Reuter.

U.S. FOREIGN TRADE DECREASE.

Value of Imports Lowest Since 1921.

EFFECT OF PRICES.

New York, Yesterday.

A heavy decrease in the United States foreign trade is shown by the Commerce Department returns for the last eleven months, giving the value of exports at \$3,568,000,000, and imports at \$2,853,000,000, compared with \$4,814,000,000 and \$4,089,000,000, respectively, for the same period of 1929. The value of imports for November was \$204,000,000, the lowest since 1921, but the Department points out that prices are 14 per cent. below those for 1929. — Reuter's American Service.

U.K. IN AUSTRALIA.

APPOINTMENT OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.

STATES GOVERNOR'S STATUS

Rugby, Yesterday. The Dominions Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, questioned in the House of Commons on the appointment of the High Commissioner to Australia, said that he intended to review the question of representation of the United Kingdom in Australia and could not make any statement at present.

Replying to a question about the appointment of Governors to the Australian States, he said that the Imperial Conference conclusions regarding the appointment of a Governor-General did not apply to States Governors not affecting the constitutional position relating to them. — British Wireless Service.

KLEPTOMANIA.

STRANGE CASE OF BERLIN MILLIONAIRESS.

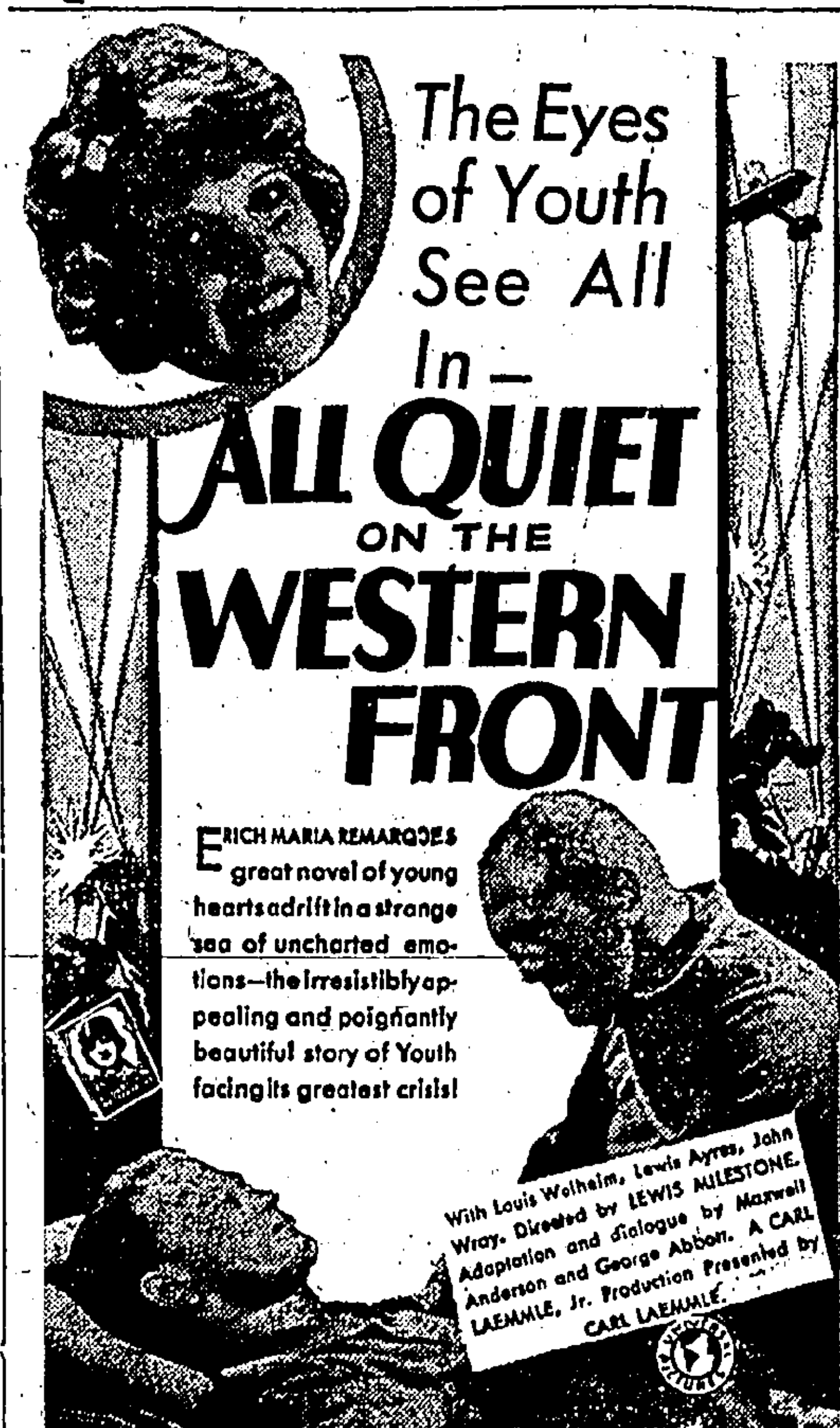
Berlin, Oct. 23.

The strange case of a young and beautiful millionaire's having been arrested as a pickpocket was tried to-day before the Berlin court, when it was revealed that this was not the first but the ninth time that the young lady had been brought before a court on the same charge.

This time, however, she was acquitted as the medical expert of the court proved that she undoubtedly acted under an irresistible temptation caused by an affection of her brain dating from a serious attack of influenza.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE **QUEEN'S** SHOWING TO-DAY
 AT 2.00, 4.30, 7.00 & 9.30.



The Eyes of Youth
 See All In **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**
 ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S great novel of young hearts adrift in a strange sea of uncharted emotions—the irresistibly appealing and poignantly beautiful story of Youth facing its greatest crisis!
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 AT 8.30 & 9.30.

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To-day at 2.30, 5.10, 7.15 & 9.20 p.m.

Money — or
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She made him choose between her Love and the Game that kept her in ermine and limousines. He wanted her madly. But that night came the Game that meant life or death for his own Brother. Did he, could he, make the sacrifice for Her? Come and see and hear and be Thrilled beyond words!

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with **Jean Arthur—Kay Francis** and **Regis Toomey**
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